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OF  
Merry POEMS:

Consisting of  
Facetious TALES, EPIGRAMS, &c.  
FROM

OLDHAM, } PRIOR,  
BROWN, } SWIFT,

And other Eminent POETS;

With some from the

*Weekly Papers and Miscellanies.*

---

Proposed as a pleasant Cure for the  
HYP- and SPLEEN.

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The SECOND EDITION.

With several ADDITIONAL POEMS.

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## To the READER



*THE following POEMS having been much admired as they stand in the Works of the several Authors who first publish'd them, 'twas judg'd that a small Edition of the same might be very acceptable to such Readers as care not to purchase the Pleasure of so much Wit and Humour at the Expence of the several Volumes made use of in this Collection, or of turning over so many Pages of dull stuff (as they must otherwise have done) to come at the Satisfaction that any one of these Merry Tales will afford 'em.*

*But besides obliging the foremention'd Class of Readers, 'tis not doubted but the*

## TO the READER.

*Perusal of this Collection will prove a pleasant Cure in the Hyp or Spleen.---Nay, don't slight the Prescription because 'tis a cheap one; you may go farther, and fare worse; for methinks I already hear Fame say, that if the venerable Bards we have here assembled have not Wit enough to cure ye, a quantum sufficit will hardly be obtained from the Court of Æsculapius in Warwick-lane.*



A COL-




A  
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OF  
Merry Poems, &c.

---

*The IMPERTINENT:*

*An Imitation of Horace, Lib. i. Sat. 9.*

*Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ, &c.*

S I was walking in the Mall of late,  
Alone, and musing on I know not what,  
Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I  
Knew by his Name, and rudely seizes me :  
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you ;  
And pray, how have you done this Age or two ?  
“ Well, I thank God (said I) as Time's are now :  
“ I wish the same to you.” And so pass'd on,  
Hoping, with this, the Coxcomb would be gone.  
But when I saw I could not thus get free ;  
I ask'd, What Business else he had with me ?  
Sir, answer'd he, *If Learning, Parts, or Sense,  
Merits your Friendship, I have just Pretence,*

B

“ I

" I honour you (said I) upon that Score,  
 " And shall be glad to serve you, to my Power."  
 Mean time, wild to get loose, I try all ways  
 To shake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,  
 Sometimes, stand still: I frown, I chase, I fret,  
 Shrug, turn my Back, as in the *Bagnio* sweat,  
 And shew all kind of Signs, to make him guess  
 At my Impatience and Uneasiness.  
 " Happy the Folk in Newgate (whisper'd I)  
 " Who, tho' in Chains, are from this Torment free:  
 " Wou'd I were like rough Manly in the Play\*,  
 " To send Impertinents, with Kicks, away!

He, all the while, baits me with tedious Chat.  
 Speaks much about the Drought, and how the Rate  
 Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at :  
 Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,  
 Portending God knows what, a Dearth, or Plague;  
 Names every Wench that passes thro' the Park,  
 What her Allowance is, and who the Spark  
 That keeps her : Points, who lately got a Clap,  
 And who, at the Groom-porter's, had ill hap  
 Three Nights ago, in Play with such a Lord.  
 When he observ'd I minded not a Word,  
 And did no Answer to his Trash afford ;  
*Sir, I perceive you stand on Thorns*, said he,  
*And fain would part ; but, faith, it must not be :*  
*Come, let us take a Bottle.* I cry'd, " No ;  
 " *Sir, I am in a Course, and dare not now.*"  
 Then tell me whether you desire to go,  
 I'll wait upon you. " Oh ! *Sir, 'tis too far :*  
 " *I visit cross the Water ; therefore spare*  
 " *Your needless Trouble.*" Trouble ! *Sir, 'tis none :*  
 'Tis more, by half, to leave you here alone,  
 I have no present Business to attend,  
 At least which I'll not quit, for such a Friend :  
 Tell me not of the Distance, for, I vow,  
 I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you:  
 Good faith, I will not leave you : Make no words:  
 Go you to Lambeth? Is it to my Lord's?

His

\* The Plain Dealer. A Comedy by Mr. Wycherley.

*His Steward I most intimately know,  
Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.  
By this I found my Wheedle wou'd not pass,  
But rather serv'd my Suff'rings to increase:  
And seeing 'twas in vain to vex, or fret,  
I patiently submitted to my Fate.*

*Strait he begins again: Sir, if you knew  
My Worth but half so thoroughly as I do;  
I'm sure you would not value any Friend  
You have, like me: But that I won't commend  
My self, and my own Talents; I might tell  
How many ways, to Wonder, I excell.  
None has a greater Gift in Poetry,  
Or writes more Verses, with more Ease, than I:  
I'm grown the Envy of the Men of Wit,  
I kill'd ev'n Rochester with Grief and Spite:  
Next, for the Dancing part, I all surpass,  
St. Andrew never mov'd with such a Grace:  
And 'tis well known, whene'er I sing, or set,  
Humphreys, nor Blow, could ever match me yet.*

*Here I got room to interrupt: "Have you  
" A Mother, Sir, or Kindred, living now?"  
Not one: They are all dead. "Troth, so I guesst:  
" The happier they (said I) who are at rest:  
" Poor I am only left unmurder'd yet:  
" Haste, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite:  
" For I am well convinc'd, my time is come:  
" When I was young, a Gypsie told my Doom:"  
This Lad, said she, and look'd upon my Hand,  
Shall not by Sword, or Poyson, come to's End,  
Nor by the Fever, Dropsy, Gout, or Stone,  
But he shall Die by an eternal Tongue:  
Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,  
Let him avoid great Talkers, I advise.*

*By this time we had got to Westminster,  
Where he, by chance, a Trial had to hear,  
And, if he were not there, his Cause must fall:  
Sir, if you love me, step into the Hall  
For one half Hour. "The Devil take me now,  
" Said I, if I know any thing of Law:  
" Besides, I told you whither I'm to go."*

Hereat he made a Stand, pull'd down his Hat  
Over his Eyes, and mus'd in deep Debate :

*I'm in a Streight, said he, what shall I do,  
Whether forsake my Business, Sir. or you?*

" Me, by all means," say I. No, says my Sot,  
*I fear you'll take it ill, if I should do't :*

*I'm sure you will. " Not I, by all that's good."*  
*But I've more Breeding than to be so rude.*

" Pray, don't neglect your own Concerns for me,

" *Your Cause, good Sir !*" *My Cause be damn'd, says he,* }  
*I value't less than your dear Company.*

With this he came up to me, and would lead  
The Way ; I sneaking after, hung my Head.

Next, he begins to plague me with the Plot,  
Asks, Whether I were known to Oates, or not ?

" Not I, thank Heaven ! I no Priest have been ;

" *Have never Doway, nor St. Omer's seen."*

*What think you, Sir, will they the Joiner \* try ?* }

*Will he die, think you ? " Yes, most certainly."*

*I mean, be hang'd. " Wou'd thou wert so," wish'd I.* }

Religion came in next ; tho' he'd no more,  
Than th'noble Peer, his Whore, or Confessor,  
Oh, the sad Times, if once the King should die !  
Sir, are you not afraid of Popery ? }

" No more than my Superiors : Why shou'd I ?

" Come Popery, come any thing, thought I,

" So Heav'n would bless me, to get rid of thee :

" But 'tis some Comfort that my Hell is here ;

" *I need no Punishment hereafter fear."*

Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew ;

*How stands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace, and you ?*

" Sir, he's a Man of Sense, above the Crowd,

" *And shuns the Converse of a Multitude."*

Ay, Sir, says he, you're happy, who are near

His Grace, and have the Favour of his Ear :

But let me tell you, if you'll recommend

This Person here, your Point will soon be gain'd.

\* Stephen College, alias, the Protestant Joiner.



*Gad, Sir, I'll die, if my own single Wit  
Don't fob his Minions, and displace 'em quite;  
And make your self his only Favourite.*

*"No, you are out abundantly, said I,*

*"We live not, as you think: No Family,*

*"Throughout the whole three Kingdoms, is more free*

*"From those ill Customs which are us'd to swarm*

*"In great Mens Houses; none e'er does me harm,*

*"Because more Learned, or more Rich than I;*

*"But each Man keeps his Place, and his Degree."*

*'Tis mighty strange, says he, what you relate.*

*"But nothing truer, take my Word for that."*

*You make me long to be admitted too,*

*Amongst his Creatures: Sir, I beg that you*

*Will stand my Friend: Your Interest is such,*

*You may prevail, I'm sure you can do much;*

*He's one that may be won upon, I've heard,*

*Tho', at the first Approach, Access be hard.*

*I'll spare no Trouble of my own, or Friends,*

*No Cost in Fees, and Bribes, to gain my Ends:*

*I'll seek all Opportunities to meet*

*With him, accost him in the very Street,*

*Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,*

*Fawn, scrape, and cringe to him, nay, to his Groom:*

*Faith, Sir, this must be done, if we'll be great:*

*Preferment comes not at a cheaper Rate.*

*While at this savage Rate he worried me,*

*By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend, came by,*

*That knew the Fellow's Humour passing well:*

*Glad of the Sight, I join him; we stand still:*

*Whence came you, Sir? and whither go you now?*

*And such like Questions past, betwixt us two:*

*Strait I begin to pull him by the Sleeve,*

*Nod, wink upon him, touch my Nose, and give*

*A thousand Hints, to let him know that I*

*Needed his Help for my Delivery:*

*He, naughty Wag, with an arch, fleering Smile,*

*Seems ignorant of what I mean the while;*

*I grow itark wild with Rage. "Sir, said not you,*

*"You'd somewhat to discourse, not long ago,*

" *With me in private?*" I remember't well.  
 Some other time, be sure, I will not fail :  
 Now I am in great Haste, upon my Word :  
 A Messenger came for me from a Lord,  
 That's in a bad Condition, like to die.  
 " Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worse than I,  
 " Therefore, for God's sake, do not stir from hence."  
 Sweet Sir! your Pardon, 'tis of Consequence :  
 I hope you're kinder than to press my stay,  
 Which may be, Heaven knows what, out of my Way.

This said, he left me to my Murderer :  
 Seeing no Hopes of my Relief appear ;  
 " *Confounded be the Stars* (said I) *that sway'd*  
 " *This fatal Day!* would I had kept my Bed  
 " *With Sickness, rather than be visited*  
 " *With this worse Plague!* What Ill have I e'er done,  
 " *To pull this Curse, this heavy Judgment down?*"

While I was thus lamenting my ill Hap,  
 Comes Aid at length : A Brace of Bailiffs clap  
 The Rascal on the Back : " *Here, take your Fees,*  
 " *Kind Gentlemen* (said I) *for my Release.*"  
 He would have had me Bail. " *Excuse me, Sir,*  
 " *I've made a Vow ne'er to be Surety more :*  
 " *My Father was undone by't heretofore.*"

Thus I got off, and bless'd the Fates that He  
 Was Pris'ner made, I set at Liberty.







The MILLER's TALE,

From CHAUCER.

Inscrib'd to N. ROWE, Esq; By Mr. COBB.

The ARGUMENT.

NICHOLAS, a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with ALISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to deceive her Husband; but in the End is rewarded accordingly.



Hilom in Oxford an old Chuff did dwell,  
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;  
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a  
Hoard,  
And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and  
Board.

With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,  
But notable for Sciences and Sense,  
Yet tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind,  
Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd:  
A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrew'd,  
Who by Interrogations could conclude,  
If Men should ask him, at what certain Hours  
The droughty Earth would gape for cooling Show'rs,  
When it should rain, or snow, what should befall  
Of fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned Clerk had got a mighty Fame  
For Modesty, and NICHOLAS his Name.

Subtile he was, well taught in *Cupid's* Trade,  
But seem'd as meek and bashful as a Maid.

A Chamber in this Hostelry he kept,  
Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.

With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was drest,  
But he was ten times sweeter than the best;  
His Books of various Size, or great or small,  
His *Angrim* Stones to cast Accompts withal;

His

His *Astrolabe* and *Almagist* \* apart,  
 With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art,  
 On several Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,  
 And the Press cover'd with a folding Red.  
 Above, an Instrument of Musick lay,  
 On which sweet Melody he us'd to play,  
 So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung,  
 And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he sung;  
 Then would he chaunt in good King *David's* Note;  
 Full often blessed was his merry Throat.  
 And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Musick spent  
 His Time, and Exhibition's yearly Rent.

This *Carpenter* had a new marry'd Wife,  
 Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.  
 The buxom Lass had twice nine Summers seen,  
 And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.  
 The Dotard, jealous of so ripe an Age,  
 Watch'd her, and lock'd her like a Bird in Cage:  
 For she was wild, and in her lovely Prime;  
 But he, poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time*.  
 He knew the Temper of a youthful Spouse,  
 And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.  
 He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed,  
 She had, or would be planting on his Head.  
 He knew not *Cato*, for his Wit was rude,  
 That Men should wed with their Similitude.  
 Like should with Like, in Love and Years, engage,  
 For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.  
 Hence Jealousies create a nuptial War,  
 And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar:  
 But when the Trap's once down, he must endure  
 His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure*.  
 Perhaps his Father, and a hundred more  
 Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.  
 Fair was his charming Consort, and withal  
 Slender her Wasse, and like a *Weasel's*, small.

\* *The Name of a Book of Astronomy, written by Ptolomy.*

† *The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin Mary.*

She had a Girdle barred all with Silk,  
 And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.  
 White as her Smock, embroider'd all before,  
 Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.  
 Broad was her filken Fillet, set full high,  
 And oft she twinkled with a liquorish Eye.  
 Her Brows were arched like a bended *Bow*,  
 Like *Marble* smooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*,  
 She softer far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.  
 Were you to search the Universe around,  
 So gay a Wench was never to be found.  
 With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,  
 Than a new *Noble* of the freshest Coin.  
 Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,  
 No *Swallow* on a Barn had such a Throat.  
 To this she skipp'd and caper'd, like a *Lamb*,  
 Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they pursue their Dam.  
 Sweet as *Metbeglin* was her *Honey Lip*,  
 Or Hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.  
 Wincing she was, as is a jolly *Colt*,  
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.  
 Above her Ancles laced was her Shoe;  
 She was a *Primrose*, and a *Pigsmye* too;  
 And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,  
 Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now, Sir, what think you how the Case befell?  
 This *Nicholas* (for I the truth will tell)  
 Was a meer Wag, and on a certain Day,  
 When the good Man, the Husband, was away,  
 Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,  
 (For *Clerks* are sly, and very full of Game)  
 And privily he caught her by *That same*.  
 My \* *Leman Dear* (quoth he) I'm all on Fire,  
 And perish, if you grant not my Desire.  
 He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,  
 O let me, let me—never be deny'd.  
 At this she wreath'd her Head, and sprung aloof,  
 Like a young frisking *Colt*, whose tender Hoof

\* *Mistress.*

Ne'er

Ne'er felt the Farrier's Hand, and never knew  
 The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.  
 Fie, *Nicholas*! away your Hands, quoth she,  
 Is this your Breeding and Civility?  
 Foh! Idle Sot! What means th' unmanner'd Clown,  
 To teaze me thus, and tofs me up and down?  
 I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.  
 You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, No?  
 I will not kifs you — prithe, let me go.

Here *Nicholas*, a young, designing Knave,  
 Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.  
 So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,  
 This seeming modest Spouse consents at last;  
 By good St. *Thomas* † swore, her usual Oath,  
 That she would meet his Love, tho' mighty loath.  
 " If you, said she, convenient Leisure wait,  
 " (You know my Husband has a jealous Pate)  
 " I will requite you, for if once the Beast  
 " Should chance to find us out, and smell the Jest,  
 " I must be a dead Woman at the least.

Let that, quoth *Nicholas*, ne'er vex your Head;  
 He must be a meer learned Ass indeed,  
 And very foolishly besets his Wife,  
 Who cannot a dull Carpenter beguile.  
 And thus they were accorded, thus they swore  
 To wait the Time, as I have said before.  
 And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away  
 The pleasant Time in harmless am'rous Play,  
 To his melodious Psaltery he flew,  
 Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Passion grew,  
 Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*.  
 It happen'd thus (I cannot rightly tell,  
 If it on *Easter*, or on *Whitson* fell)  
 That on a Holiday, this modest Dame  
 To Church with other honest Neighbours came,  
 In a good Fit, to hear the Parson preach  
 What the divine Apostles us'd to teach.  
 Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day  
 Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now

† St. Thomas a Becket.

( II )

Now to this Parish did a Clerk belong,  
Who many a Time had rais'd a holy Song.  
His Name was ABSALON, a silly Man,  
Who curl'd his Hair, which strutted like a Fan,  
And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,  
In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.  
His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as Goose,  
With *St. Paul's* Windows figur'd on his Shoes.  
Full properly he walk'd, in Scarlet Hose;  
But light and Silver-colour'd were his Cloaths,  
And Surplice white as Blossoms on the Rose.  
Thick Poynts and Tassels did the Coxcomb please,  
And fetuoufly they dangled on his Knees.  
He could let Blood, and shave your Beard and Head,  
But a meer Barber-Surgeon by his Trade.  
Nay, he could write and read, and that is more  
Than twenty Parish-Clerks could do before.  
Nay, he could fill a Bond, and learnt from *France*,  
In thirty Motions how to trip and dance;  
Could frisk and tofs his twirling Legs in Air,  
Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.  
Songs would he play, and not to hide his Wit,  
Would squeak a Treble to his squalling Kit.  
His Dress was finical, his Music queer,  
And pleas'd a Tapster's Eyes, or Drawer's Ear.  
No Tavern, Brew-house, Ale-house in the Town,  
Was to the gentle *Absalon* unknown:  
But he was very careful of his Wind,  
And never let it fall out behind.  
To give the Devil his Due, he had an Art,  
By civil Speech, to win a Lady's Heart.  
This *Absalon*, so jolly, spruce, and gay,  
Went with the *Censor* on the Sabbath Day.  
He swung the Incense Pot with comely Grace,  
But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.  
His wanton Eye, which ev'ry where he cast,  
Dwelt on the *Carpenter's* fine Dame at last.  
So sweet and proper was his lovely Wife,  
That he could freely gaze away his Life.

Were

Were he a Cat, this pretty Mousse would feel  
Too soon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

And now had *Cupid* shot a piercing Dart,  
And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.  
No Off'ring of the handsome Wives he took,  
He wanted nothing but a smiling Look ;  
The Parish Fees refus'd, and said, the Light  
Of the fair Moon shines brightest in the Night.  
Soon as the Cock had bid the Morning rise,  
The smitten Lover to his Fiddle flies ;  
A hideous Noise his squeaking Trilloes make,  
And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.  
At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,  
And thus with gentle Voice he sung, or said,  
*Now, dear Lady, if thy Will be,*  
*I pray you that you'll pity me.*

And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,  
Alike the Music of his Kit and Tongue.  
At this the staring Carpenter awoke,  
And thus his Wife (fair *Alison*) bespoke :  
Art thou asleep, or art thou deaf, my Dear ?  
And cannot *Absalon* at Window hear ?  
How with his Serenade he charms us all.  
Chaunting melodiously beneath our Wall ?  
Yes, yes, I hear him, *Alison* reply'd,  
'Too well, God wot ; and then she turn'd aside.

Thus went Affairs, 'till *Absalon*, alas !  
Was a lost Creature, a meer whining Ass.  
All Night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away  
On his broad Locks and Dress the live-long Day.  
To such a Height his doating Fondness grew,  
To kiss the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.  
Where'er she went, he like a Slave pursu'd,  
With spiced Ale, and sweet Metheglin woo'd.  
All Dainties he could rap and rend, he got,  
And sent her Tarts and Custards piping hot.  
He spar'd no Cost for an expensive Treat  
Of Mead, and Cyder, and all sorts of Meat.  
Throbbing he sings with his lamenting Throat,  
And rivals *Philomela's* mournful Note.

With



With Rigour some, and some with gentle Arts,  
Have found a Passage to young Ladies Hearts:  
Some Wealth have won, and some have had the Lot  
To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.

Sometimes he Scaramouch'd it on high,  
And Harlequin'd it with Activity;  
Betrays the Lightness of his empty Head,  
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.  
But neither this nor that the Damsel move,  
For *Nicholas* has swept the Stakes of Love.  
The Parish Clerk has nothing met but Scorn,  
And may go Fiddle now, or blow his Horn.  
Thus gentle *Absalon* is made her Ape,  
And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape:  
For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye;  
True, says the Proverb, that the *Nigh are fly*.  
A distant Love may Disappointment find,  
*For out of Sight is ever out of Mind*.

The Scholar was at Hand, as I have told,  
And gave the Parish-Clerk *the Dog to hold*.  
Now, *Nicholas*, thy Craft and Cunning try,  
That *Absalon* may *de profundis* cry.

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away,  
To work at *Osney*, on a certain Day;  
The subtle Scholar, and the wanton Spouse,  
Were decently contriving for his Brows:  
Agreed, that *Nicholas* should shape a Wile,  
Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.  
And if so be the Game succeeded right,  
She then would sleep within his Arms all Night:  
For both were in this one Desire concern'd,  
Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.  
Strait a new Thought leap'd cross the Scholar's Head,  
Who at that Instant to his Chamber fled:  
But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger, bore  
Of Meat and Liquor a substantial Store,  
And victual'd it for a long Day, or more.  
*Alce*, should your Husband ask for Us, quoth he,  
Reply, in Scorn, What's *Nicholas* to Me?

Am I his Keeper? Help your silly Head!  
 Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead.  
 My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour, or more,  
 And knock'd as if she'd thunder down the Door:  
 But he, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,  
 Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave.

Thus did one Saturday entire consume,  
 Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room.  
 Nor was he idle, for no *Lent* he kept,  
 But eat like other Men, and drank, and slept,  
 Did what he list, till the next Sun was new,  
 And went to Rest as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous Pain,  
 Left *Nicholas* should over-work his Brain;  
 By Study lose his Reason, or his Life.  
 Well, by *St. Thomas*, I don't like it, Wife;  
 The World we live in is a ticklish Place,  
 And sudden Death has often stopp'd our Race.  
 I saw a Corpse, as to the Church it past,  
 And the poor Man at Work but Monday last.  
 Run, *Dick*, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,  
 Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.  
 Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,  
 And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries,  
 Ho! Master *Nicholas*! what mean you thus  
 To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten us?  
 He might as well have whistled to the Wind,  
 As from good *Nicholas* an Answer find.  
 At last he spy'd a Hole full low and deep,  
 Where usually the Cat was wont to creep;  
 Here was discover'd to his wond'ring Sight  
 The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,  
 As if intent upon the Stars and Moon;  
 And down runs he to tell his Master soon,  
 In what Array he saw this studious Man:  
 The Carpenter to cross himself began;  
 And cry'd, *St. Frideswid*, help us one and all!  
 Little we know what Fate shall us befall.  
 This Man with his Astronomy is got  
 Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot:

This



This comes of poring on his-cunning Books,  
 Of his Moon-snuffing, and Star-peeping Looks.  
 Why should a silly Earth-born Mortal pry  
 On Heav'n, and search the Secrets of the Sky?  
 Well fare those Men, who no more Learning need,

Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r, and  
 Scholars sufficient, if they can but read!

Thus far'd a sage Philosopher † of old,  
 Who walking out, as 'tis in Story told,  
 Was so much with Astronomy bewitch'd,  
 That his Star-gazing Clerkship was beditch'd.  
 Ill Luck attends the Man who looks too high,  
 And can a Star, but not a Marl-pit spy.  
 But, by St. Thomas, this shall never pass;

Too well I love this gentle Nicholas.  
 I'll ferret him, unless the Devil's in it,  
 From his brown Fit of Study, in a Minute.

Robin, let's try if that an Iron Pur  
 And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir.  
 Now Robin was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,  
 And by the Hasp heav'd up the Door at once;  
 Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,  
 As would a Man like you or me astound.  
 But Nicholas did nothing do but stare,  
 And, like a Statue, gape into the Air.

This Carpenter was in a piteous Fear,  
 Because he did not, or he would not hear;  
 Thought some deep Melancholy had impair'd  
 His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd;  
 For which the Student in his Arms he took  
 With Might and Main, and by the Shoulders shook;  
 Cry'd, Nicholas, awake! What, not a Word?  
 Look down, despair not—think upon the Lord!  
 Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himself:  
 Bless thee from Fiends, and ev'ry wicked Elf!  
 He crost the Threshold, where the Dev'l might creep,  
 And each small Hole thro' which an Imp might peep.

With solemn *Pater-nosters* blest the Door,  
And *Ave-Mary's*, after and before.

At this the Clerk sent forth a heavy Sigh,  
With Tears, and woful Tone began to cry —  
*And shall this World be lost so soon? Ah, why?*  
What do I hear? (the Carpenter reply'd)  
What say'st thou, *Nich'las*? Sure thou art beside  
Thy self: Serve God, as we poor Lab'ers do,  
And then no harm, no Danger will ensue.  
Ah! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, you little think  
What I can tell; but first let's have some Drink;  
Then, my dear Host, thou shalt in private learn  
Some certain things, which thee and me concern.  
It shall no Mortal but your self avail;  
Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty Ale.  
And now when both had drank an equal Share,  
Cries *Nicholas*, sit down, and draw your Chair.  
But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,  
To no Man living to betray the Troth:  
For, trust me, what I'm going to relate  
Is Revelation, and as sure as Fate:  
And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,  
No Hare in *March* will be so mad as you.

Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,  
And hang me, if you catch me in a Lie.  
I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my Life,  
To Chick, or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.

Now, *John*, quoth *Nicholas*, I will not hide,  
What by my Art I have of late descry'd;  
How, as I por'd upon fair *Cynthia's* Light,  
Should fall on Monday next, at Quarter-Night,  
A Rain so sudden, and so long to boot,  
'That *Noah's* Flood was but a Spoonful to't.  
This World, within the compass of an Hour,  
Shall all be drown'd; so hideous is the Show'r,  
As will the Cattle and Mankind devour.  
Cries then this silly Man, Alas, my Wife!  
My Bosom-Comfort, and my better Life!  
And must she drown, and perish with the rest?  
My *Alison*, the Darling of my Breast?

At this well nigh he swoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,  
 Fetch'd a deep Sigh, And is there no Relief,  
 No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left?  
 Are we, alas! of ev'ry Hope bereft?  
 No, by no Means, quoth this designing Clerk,  
 Be of good Heart, and by Instruction work:  
 For if by *Nicholas* you will be led,  
 And build no Castles in your own wild Head,  
 None so secure; for *Solomon* says true,  
*Work all by Counsel, and ye cannot rue:*  
 If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,  
 I'll undertake to save thy Wife and Thee,  
 By my own Art against the Flood prevail,  
 And make no Use of either Mast or Sail.  
 Have you not heard how, when the World was naught,  
*Noah* by heav'nly Inspiration taught —  
 Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I've in my *Bible* found,  
 That once upon a Time the World was drown'd.  
 Hast thou not heard how *Noah* was concern'd  
 For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd,  
 Till he had built, and furnish'd out a Bark,  
 And lodg'd her with her Children in the Ark?  
 Now, Expedition is the Soul and Life  
 Of Business; if you love your Self, or Wife,  
 Run, fly — for in this Case it is a Crime  
 To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time.  
 For *Alison*, your self, and me, provide  
 Three Kneading-Troughs, to sail upon the Tide:  
 But take most special Care that they be large,  
 In which a Man may swim as in a Barge.  
 Let them be victuall'd well, and see you lay  
 Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day;  
 Enough to serve you twenty Hours, and more,  
 For then the Flood will 'swage, and not before.  
 But one thing let me whisper in your Ear,  
 Let not thy sturdy Servant *Robin* hear,  
 Nor bonny *Gillian* know what I relate;  
 I must not utter the Decrees of Fate.  
 Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save  
 Your trusty serving Maid, and honest Knave:

Suffice it thee, unless thy Wits be mad,  
 To have as great a Grace as *Noah* had.  
 Do you make haste, and mind the grand Affair;  
 To save your Wife shall be my proper Care.  
 But when these Kneading-Tubs are ready made,  
 Which may secure us when the Floods invade,  
 See that you hang them in the Roof full high,  
 That none our providential Plot descry;  
 And when thou hast convey'd sufficient Store  
 Of Meat and Drink, as I have said before,  
 And put a sharpen'd Ax in ev'ry Boat,  
 To cut the Cord, and set us all afloat:  
 Then thro' the Gable of the House, which lies  
 Above the Stable, and the Garden spies,  
 Break out a Hole, so very large and wide,  
 Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide.  
 Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure take  
 In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake.  
 Then will I cry, Ho! *Alison*, and *John*,  
 Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon.  
 Then wilt thou answer, Master *Nicholay*,  
 Good morrow, for I see it is broad Day;  
 Then shall we reign as Emperors for Life,  
 O'er all the World, like *Noah* and his Wife.  
 But one Thing I almost forgot to tell,  
 Which now comes in my Head (and mark me well)  
 That on that very Night we go Aboard;  
 All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word;  
 But all the Time employ our holy Mind  
 In earnest Prayers, for thus has Heav'n enjoin'd.

You and your Wife must take a sep'rate Place,  
 Nor is there any Sin in such a Case.  
 To-morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,  
 We to our Kneading-Tubs will slyly creep;  
 There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,  
 And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.  
 Go now; I have no longer Time to spare  
 In Sermoning, use expeditious Care:  
 Your Apprehension needs no more Advice;  
 One single Word's sufficient for the Wife:

And

And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform;  
 Go, save our Lives from this impending Storm.  
 Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look,  
 And sigh'd and groan'd at ev'ry Step he took.  
 To *Alison* he does his Fate deplore,  
 And tells a Secret which she knew before:  
 But yet she trembled, like an *Aspen* Leaf,  
 And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief;  
 Crying, Alas! what shall I do? — Be gone —  
 Help us t'escape, or we are all undone:  
 I am thy true and very wedded Wife,  
 Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my Life.

*What strong Impressions does Affection give!  
 By Fancy Men have often ceas'd to live.  
 Howe'er absurd Things in themselves appear,  
 Weak minds are apt to credit what they fear.*

This silly Carpenter is almost *Wood*,  
 And thinks of nothing else but *Noah's Flood*;  
 Believes he sees it, and begins to quake,  
 And all for *Alison* his Honey's Sake.  
 He's over-run with Sorrow, and with Fear,  
 And sends forth many a Groan, and many a Tear,  
 A Kneading-Trough, a Tub, and † *Kemeling*,  
 He gets by Stealth, and sends 'em to the Inn.  
 He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,  
 And privately he hangs them in the Roof.  
 But first he victuall'd them, both Trough and Tub,  
 With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles full of mighty Bub,  
 Enough o'Conscience to relieve their Fast,  
 And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But e'er this Preparation had been made,  
 He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid,  
 On certain Matters which concern'd his Trade.

And now came on the fatal Monday Night,  
 Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-light;  
 And when all Things in Readiness were set,  
 These three their Ladders take, and up they get.

† *A Brewer's Vessel.*

Now

Now *Pater-noster*, \* *clum*, said *Alison*,  
 And *clum* quoth *Nicholas*, and *clum* quoth *John*.  
 This Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,  
*For Men in fear are very apt to pray*.  
 Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour  
 This unaccountable and dismal Show'r.

And now at † *Curfew* Time, dead Sleep began  
 To fall upon this easy simple Man;  
 Who, after so much Care and Business past,  
 And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.  
 Soft down the Ladder stole this lovely Pair,  
 Good *Nicholas*, and *Alison* the Fair:  
 Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep  
 Of *John* (poor Cuckold!) who was fast asleep.  
 There all the Night they revel, sport and toy,  
 And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy;  
 Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,  
 And the fat Friars in the Chancel sing.

The Parish-Clerk, this am'rous *Abfalon*,  
 Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,  
 At *Osney* happen'd, with a jovial Crew,  
 To spend the Monday as they us'd to do:  
 There pulls a certain Frier by the Sleeve,  
 With Pardon begg'd, and, Father, by your Leave,  
 When saw you *John* the Carpenter, he cries?  
 Last Saturday, the Cloisterer replies,  
 Since when I have not seen him with these Eyes:  
 Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose,  
 Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,  
 And lodges at the *Grange* a Day or two;  
 Or else at Home ——— I know no more than you.

\* *A Note of Silence.*

† *Curfew.* King William the Conqueror, in the first  
 Year of his Reign, commanded, that in every Town and  
 Village a Bell should be rung every Night at eight of the  
 Clock; and that all People should then put out their Fire  
 and Candle, and go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell was  
 call'd *Curfew*, that is, Cover-Fire.

This



This made *Nab's* boiling Blood with Pleasure start,  
 The News rejoyc'd the Cockles of his Heart.  
 Now is my Time, thinks he, the Moon is bright,  
 Nor care I, if I travel all the Night ;  
 For at his Door, since Day began to spring,  
 I've seen, like him, no Kind of Man or Thing.

It is resolv'd — to *Alison* I'll go,  
 When the first Morning Cock begins to crow ;  
 And to her Window privately repair,  
 Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care :  
 I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart,  
 For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.  
 Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,  
 At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss.  
 My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it seems  
 That I shall kiss ; besides my pleasant Dreams  
 Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may guess  
 That I may haply meet with some Success :  
 But for an Hour or two before I go,  
 I'll first refresh me with a Nap, or so.

Now the first Cock had wak'd from his Repose  
 The jolly *Abshalon*, and up he rose.  
 But first he dresses finical and gay,  
 And looks like any Beau at Church or Play,  
 And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding Day.  
 Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,  
 And, wash'd with Rose-Water, looks fresh and fair :  
 Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,  
 Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.

Sweet *Alison*, my *Honey-comb*, my *Dear*,  
 My *Bird*, my *Cinnamon*, your *Lover* hear.  
 Awake, and speak one Word before I part ;  
 But one kind Word, the *Balsam* to my Heart.  
 Little you think, alas ! the mighty *Woe*,  
 Which for the Love of thee I undergo.  
 For thee I *sweat*, and for thee I *sweat*,  
 And mourn as *Lambkins* for the Mother's Teat ;  
 Nor false my Grief, nor does the *Turtle Dove*  
 Lament more truly, or more truly love.

*I cannot*

*I cannot eat nor drink, and all for thee—*  
 Get from my Window, you *Jack Fool*, said she;  
 I love another of a different Hue  
 From such a silly Dunder-head as you.  
 If you stand talking at that foolish Rate,  
 My Chamber-Pot shall be about your Pate.  
 Be gone, you empty Sot, and let me sleep;  
 At this poor *Absalon* began to weep,  
 And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore,  
*Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before?*  
*Since then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,*  
*Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss, obtain.*  
 And will you then be gone, nor loiter here?  
*Quoth Alison, Ay certainly, my Dear!*  
 Make ready then — Now, *Nicholas*, lie still;  
 'Tis such a Jest, that you shall laugh your Fill.

Ravish'd with Joy, *Nab* fell upon his Knees,  
 The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;  
 In silent Raptures he began to cry,  
*No Lord in Europe is so blest as I,*  
*I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss*  
*Is an Assurance of a farther Bliss.*  
 The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,  
 Cries *Alison*, be quick, and make no Noise;  
 I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,  
 For they're made up of Jealousy and Fear.

Then Silken Handkerchief from Pocket came,  
 To wipe his Mouth full clean, to kiss the Dame.  
 Dark was the Night, as any Coal or Pitch,  
 When at the Window she clap'd out her Breech.  
 The Parish-Clerk ne'er doubted what to do,  
 He ask'd no Questions, but in Haste fell to,  
 On her blind Side full favourly he prest  
 A loving Kiss, e'er he smelt out the Jest.  
 Aback he starts, for he knew well enough  
 That Women's Lips are smooth, but these were rough.  
*What have I done?* (quoth he, and rav'd and star'd)  
*Alas me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard!*  
 He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,  
 That he was born to kiss my Lady's Arse.



† Tebea she cry'd, and clap'd the Window close,  
 While *Absalon* with Grief and Anger goes  
 To meditate Revenge; and to requite  
 The foul Affront, he would not sleep that Night.  
 And now with Dust, with Sand, with Straw, with Chips,  
 He scrubs and rubs the Kisses from his Lips.  
 Oft would he say, *Alas! O basest Evil!*  
*Than meet with this Disgrace so damn'd uncivil,*  
*I rather had went head-long to the Devil.*  
*To kiss a Woman's Breech! Oh! it can't be born!*  
*But by my Soul I'll be reveng'd by Morn.*

*Hot Love, the Proverb says, grows quickly cool,*  
 And *Absalon's* no more an am'rous Fool:  
 For since his Purpose was so foully cross'd,  
 He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is lost:  
 And cur'd of his Distemper, can defy  
 All whining Coxcombs with a scornful Eye:  
 But for meer Anger, as he pass'd the Street,  
 He wept, as does a School-Boy when he's beat.  
 In a soft doleful Pace, at last, he came  
 To an old *Vulcan*, *Jarvis* was his Name;  
 Who late and early at the Forge turmoil'd,  
 In hammering Iron Bars and Plough-shares toil'd;  
 Hither repair'd, by one or two o'Clock,  
 Poor *Absalom*, and gave an easy Knock.  
*Who's there, that knocks so late?* old *Jarvis* cries.  
 'Tis I, the pensive *Absalon* replies,  
 Open the Door. *What, Absalon, (quoth he)*  
*The Parish-Clerk? Ah! Benedicite,*  
*Where hast thou been? Some pretty Girl, I wot,*  
*Has led you out so late upon the Trot;*  
*Some Merry Meeting on the Wenching Score;*  
*You know my Meaning — but I'll say no more.*

This *Absalon* another Distaff drew,  
 And had more Tow to spin than *Jarvis* knew:  
 He minded not a Bean of all he said,  
 For other Things employ'd his careful Head.

† A Note of Laughter.

At last he Silence breaks: *Dear Friend*, he cries,  
*Lend's that hot Pur, which in the Chimney lies.*  
*I have Occasion for't, no Questions ask,*  
*To bring it back again shall be my Task.*  
 With all my Heart, quoth *Jarvis*, were it Gold,  
 Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold:  
 With all my Heart, as I'm an honest Smith,  
 I'll lend it thee; but what wilt do therewith?  
 For that, quoth *Absalon*, nor care, nor sorrow,  
 I'll give a good Account of it To-morrow.  
 Then up the Coulter in his Hand he caught,  
 Tripp'd out with silent Pace and wicked Thought.  
 Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,  
 With which to *John* the Carpenter's he stole.  
 There first he cough'd, and, as his usual Wont,  
 Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't.  
 Who's there, quoth *Alison*? Some Midnight Rook,  
 Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.  
 Ah! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,  
 'Tis *Absalon*, my Life, my better Self!  
 A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,  
 By a known Graver exquisitely wrought:  
 Beside a Posie most divinely writ  
 By a fam'd Poet, and notorious Wit.  
 My Mother gave it me, ('tis wond'rous fine)  
 She clapp'd it on my Finger, I on thine,  
 If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiss —  
 Now *Nicholas* by chance rose up to pifs:  
 Thinking to better and improve the Jest,  
 He should salute his Breech before the rest.  
 With eager Haste and secret Joy he went,  
 And his Posteriors out at Window sent.  
 Here *Absalon*, the Wag, with subtle Tone,  
 Whispers, my Love! my Soul! my *Alison*!  
 Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou art—  
 At this the Scholar let a rousing Fart;  
 So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke  
 As Thunder, when it splits the sturdy Oak.  
 The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Gust,  
 His red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.

Straight off the Skin like shrivel'd Parchment flew,  
His Breech as raw as St. *Bartholomew*.

The Coulter had so findg'd his hinder Part,  
He thought he should have dy'd for very Smart.

In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,  
*Help, Water, Water, for a dying Man.*

The Carpenter, as one beside his Wits,  
Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.  
The Name of Water rouz'd him from his Sleep,  
He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.  
Alas ! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,  
And from the Clouds does *Noah's* Deluge pour.  
Up then he sits, and without more ado,  
He takes his Ax, and smites the Cord in two,  
Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheese, and all,  
And *John* himself had a confounded Fall ;  
Dropt from the Roof upon the Floor, astound,  
He lies as dead, and swims upon the Ground.

Then *Nicholas*, to play the Counterfeit,  
With *Alison*, cries Murder in the Street.

In came the Neighbours, pouring like the Tide,  
To know the Reason why was Murder cry'd.

There they beheld poor *John*, a gasping Man ;  
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan :  
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm ;  
But stand it out he must, to his own Harm.

For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,  
They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.  
They told the People that the Man was wood,  
And dream'd of nothing else but *Noah's* Flood.

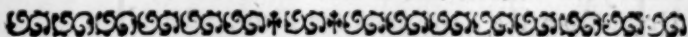
His heated Fancy of this Deluge rung,  
That to the Roof three Kneading-Troughs he hung,  
With which, in Danger, he design'd to swim,  
And we, forsooth, must carry on the Whim ;  
He begg'd and pray'd, and so we humour'd him.

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave  
An universal Shout and hideous Laugh.

Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,  
And all his Earnest turn into a jape.

He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,  
 And never look'd so foolish in his Life.  
 Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind ;  
 His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.  
 Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,  
 And *John* remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass and Bars of Steel are vain,  
 And watchful Jealousy, and carking Pain,  
 Is fruitless all, when a good-natur'd Spouse  
 Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows.  
 Thus *Alison* her Cuckold does defy,  
 And *Abfalon* has kiss'd her nether Eye ;  
 While *Nicholas* is scalded in the Breech,  
 My Tale is done ; God save us all and each.



### On ROME'S Pardons.

**I**F *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Papists* hold,  
 And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,  
 It were no Sin t'adore and worship Gold.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,  
 For Sins they may commit in Time to come,  
 And for Sins past— 'tis very well for *Rome*.

At this Rate, they are happiest who have most,  
 They'll purchase Heav'n at their own proper Cost :  
 Alas, the Poor ! all that are so, are lost.

Whence came this Knack, or whence did it begin ?  
 What Author have they ? or who brought it in ?  
 Did *Christ* e'er keep a *Custom-House* for Sin ?

Some Subtle Devil, without more ado,  
 Did certainly this sly Invention brew,  
 To gull them of their Souls and Money too.



### *A Session of the POETS.*

**S**ince the Sons of the Muses grew num'rous and loud;  
 For th'appeasing so factious and clam'rous a Croud,  
*Apollo* thought fit, in so weighty a Cause,  
 To establish a Government, Leader, and Laws.  
 The Hopes of the Bays at this summoning Call,  
 Had drawn 'em together the Devil and all:  
 All thronging and list'ning, they gap'd for the Blessing,  
 No Presbyter Sermon had more Crowding and Pressing.

At th' Head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,  
 That antient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd;  
 But *Apollo* had heard of a Story in Town,  
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear a black Gown,  
 And so gave him leave, now his Poetry's done,  
 To let him turn Priest, now *R----* is turn'd Nun.

This rev'rend Author was no sooner set by,  
 But *Apollo* had got gentle \* *George* in his Eye,  
 And frankly confess'd, that of all Men that writ,  
 There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment, and Wit;  
 But i'th' crying Sin, Idleness, he was so harden'd,  
 That his long sev'n Years Silence was not to be pardon'd.

Brawny *Wycherley* was the next Man shew'd his Face;  
 But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the Place.  
 No Gentleman-Writer that Office should bear,  
 'Twas a Trader in Wit the Laurel should wear,  
 As none but a Citizen makes a Lord-Mayor. }

Next into the Crowd *Tom Shadwell* does wallow,  
 And swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,  
 'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age;  
 Himself and his Wife have supported the Stage.  
*Apollo* well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,  
 To oblige him, he told him, he should be huge glad }  
 Had he half so much Wit, as he fancy'd he had.

C 2

However,

\* *Sir George Etheridge.*

However, to please so jovial a Wit  
 And to keep him in Humour, *Apollo* thought fit  
 To bid him drink on, and keep his old Trick  
 Of railing at Poets, and shewing his —

*Nat Lee* stept in next, in Hopes of the Prize,  
*Apollo* remember'd he had hit once in thrice ;  
 By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deny,  
 But he had as much Wit as Wine could supply ;  
 Confess'd, that indeed he'ad a musical Note,  
 But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattl'd i' th' Throat ;  
 Yet owning he'ad Sense, to encourage him for't,  
 He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poor *Settle* his Trial was the next came about,  
 He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn out,  
 And humbly desir'd that he might give no Offence ;  
 G—d D— me, cries *Shadwell*, he cannot write Sense ;  
 And *Banks*, cry'd up *Newport*, I hate that dull Rogue.  
*Apollo* consid'ring he was not in Vogue,  
 Would not trust his dear Bays with so modest a Fool,  
 And said, the great Boy should be sent back to School.

*Tom Otway* came next, *Tom Shadwell's* dear *Zany*,  
 And swears, for Heroicks, he writes best of any.  
 Don *Carlos* his Pockets so amply had fill'd,  
 That his Mangewas quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd.  
 But *Apollo* had seen his face on the Stage,  
 And prudently did not think fit to ingage  
 The Scum of the Play-house for the Prop of an Age. }

In the numerous Herd that incompas'd him round,  
 Little starch *Johnny Crown* at his Elbow he found ;  
 His Cravat-string iron'd, he gently did stretch  
 His Lilly-white Hand out, the Laurel to reach ;  
 Alledging, that he had most Right to the Bays,  
 For writing Romances, and shiting of Plays.  
*Apollo* rose up, and gravely confest,  
 Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best ;  
 For since Pain and Dishonour Man's Life only damn,  
 The greatest Felicity Mankind can claim,  
 Is, to want Sense of Smart, and be past Sense of Shame ; }

And



And to perfect his Bliss in Poetical Rapture,  
He bid him be dull to the End of the Chapter.

The Poetres \* *Afra* next shew'd her sweet Face,  
And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,  
That the Laurel by a double Right was her own,  
For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she'd won:  
*Apollo* acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her;  
But yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,  
He told her, were Conquests and Charms her Pretence,  
She ought to have pleaded a dozen Years since.

*Anababalutha* put in for a Share,  
And little *Tom Essence's* Author was there:  
Nor could *D'Urfey* forbear for the Laurel to stickle,  
Protesting he had had the Honour to tickle  
The Ears of the Town with his dear Madam *Fickle*;  
With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse,  
But they are too long to stand in my Verse.

*Apollo* quite tir'd with their tedious Harangue,  
Finds at last *Tom Betterton's* Face in the Gang;  
And since Poets with the kind Players may hang,  
By his own Day-light he solemnly swore,  
That in Search of a *Laureat* he'd look out no more.  
A general Murmur ran quite thro' the Hall,  
To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall;  
But *Apollo* to quiet and pacify all,  
E'en told 'em, to put his Deserts to the Test,  
That he had made Plays as well as the best,  
And was the greatest Wonder the Age ever bore;  
For, of all the Play-Scribblers that e'er writ before,  
His Wit had most Worth and most Modesty in't;  
For he had writ Plays, yet ne'er put 'em in Print.

\* *Mrs. Behn.*



*A Tale from Bocas, or a Cure for Cuckoldom.*

**T**OO weak are Laws, and Edicts vain,  
 The Hearts of Women to restrain ;  
 For when with happy Search they find  
 The Man they like, they still are kind.  
 So strong, so daring is their Love,  
 It does ev'n Fear of Death remove.  
 For Proof of this, if others fail,  
 I now design to tell a Tale.

At *Prato*, once upon a time,  
 Adultery was thought a Crime ;  
 And every kind consenting Wife  
 Was doom'd by Law to lose her Life ;  
 So partial was this horrid Act,  
 It equally condemn'd the Fact,  
 Whether the Cause was pure Desire,  
 Or sordid Gain and sinful Hire.  
 No sooner did this Edict pass,  
 But one *Rinaldo* found (alas !)  
 His Wife *Philippa*, fam'd for Charms,  
 In lusty *Lazarino's* Arms.  
 And with *Revenge* and *Fury* fill'd,  
 'Twas ten to one he both had kill'd ;  
 But eager Passion he restrain'd,  
 The bold Adulterers arraign'd,  
 And to the Podestate complain'd.

The Judge for Trial nam'd the Day,  
 And gave her Time to slip away,  
 But she resolv'd to stand it out ;  
 In vain her Kindred went about,  
 By dire Descriptions of the Law,  
 To fright and force her to withdraw ;  
 She minded not a Word she heard,  
 One would have sworn, by what appear'd,  
 She thought her Fate would glorious prove,  
 To suffer Martyrdom for Love.

When



When solemn Day of Trial came,  
In Court appear'd the guilty Dame;  
But look'd as chearful, brisk, and gay,  
As those that ogle at a Play..

The Judge was in a horrid Fright  
(Touch'd to the quick by Charms so bright)  
Left she the Matter shou'd confess,  
Her Case would then be past Redress.  
You must be *burnt, Madam*, he said,  
Your Spouse has Information made,  
That you were lately caught by him  
Committing the *forbidden Crime*,  
*Adultery*, and doubtless you  
Have heard for this what *Death* is *due*.  
Consider what you have to say,  
And prudently your Answer weigh.

She said, I freely own the Fact,  
He caught me in the very Act;  
With Joy the pleasing Word I name,  
For know, I *glory* in my *Flame*;  
And since my Passion did begin,  
Have often try'd the *tempting Sin*.  
For this, you say, I ought to die;  
But you know better, *Sir*, than I,  
That Laws for Publick Justice meant,  
Should pass by *general Consent*;  
And pray what Woman did appear  
To *Vote* for this? I ne'er could hear  
Of one that lik'd it; and 'tis hard  
They should unjustly be debarr'd  
Their *Native Right*, by a *Decree*,  
To which *they never* did agree;  
On us alone *Restraint* is laid,  
Who are by bounteous Nature made  
To give Content to more than one,  
Which never yet by *Man* was done.  
If Prejudice did not prevail,  
Your solid Wisdom could not fail  
For me this Matter to decide,  
And to declare the *Edict* void.

But,

But, Sir, if *Death* must be my Doom,  
 Soon let the *welcome Minute* come ;  
 Secure, I wait the fatal *Blow*,  
 Yet first an easy Favour show.  
 Pray ask my *Husband*, there he stands,  
 If *all* his *Conjugal Demands*  
 Have not been answer'd still by me,  
 With an exact *Conformity*.

*Rinaldo* said, I must confess,  
 My Wife did still *comply* in this ;  
 Inclined my wish'd Desires to grant,  
 And fond to satisfy my Want.

Observe, Sir, that, *Philippa* said,  
 Whate'er he wanted, still he had ;  
 Then wherefore, pray, this mighty pother,  
 If I, to gratify another,  
 Imploy'd the *useless Residue* ?  
 Pray, *Husband*, what was that to you ?  
 I, like a *Charitable Fair*,  
 Bestowing what I had to spare,  
 Believ'd it better to improve  
 My growing *Overplus of Love*,  
 Than suffer envious *Marriage Bands*  
 To keep it *dead* upon my Hands.

Her Speech so pleas'd the list'ning Crowd,  
 They clapp'd their Hands, and laugh'd aloud.  
*Rinaldo* durst no longer stay,  
 But hid his Face, and sneak'd away ;  
 And fair *Philippa*, by her Art,  
 So brib'd the *Court* to take her Part,  
 So to her side the *Judge* did draw,  
 She sav'd herself, and damn'd the *Law*.



On Sternhold and Hopkins, and the new  
Version of David's Psalms.

**Y**E scoundrel old Bards, and a Brace of dull Knaves !  
What a plague makes ye mutter, and talk in your  
[Graves ?

Sure ye drank with your Porridge, like a Couple of Sots,  
And have mix'd the *Spoon-Meat* with the Belch of the Pots ;  
Or the Worms had by this Time, if they had any Con-  
[science,

Stopp'd the Tongues of those Fools who made *David*  
[speak Nonsense.

*Ye write*, and be damn'd t'ye ! *Ye* traffick in Metre !

Why, a Baudy-house *Tongue* has a Voice that is sweeter :

A *White-Fryar Sinner*, or a Saint in *Duck-lane*,

A *Crowder's-Well* Sonnet, or a *Pye-Corner* Strain,

Has Raptures and Flights, full of Judgment and Taking,

When compar'd to the things ye call *Psalms* of your mak-

Shame on ye, ye Coxcombs, away with this Riot, [ing.

And rot on, like the rest, who lie by ye in Quiet ;

Nor dare to presume to petition and squabble, [ble.

When there's none takes your Part, but the ignorant Rab-

As for *David*, for God's sake, how dare you to name him,

When your wretched Translations so damnably shame

[him ?

Poor *Psalmist* ! he frets, and he storms, and he stares,

Bemoans his Composures, and renounces his Pray'rs ;

Blushes more at the Dress which his *Penitence* hath on,

Than when told of his Faults by the Prophet old *Nathan*.

So chang'd are his Lines, and so murder'd each Sentence,

So debauch'd his God's *Praise*, and so lame his *Repentance*,

That to know the good King by the Words ye create him,

Is a Thing much more hard, than it is to translate him.

Let me tell you, grave Dons, I'll be bold to assure ye,

It is well that this Warrior lies bury'd in *Jury* ;

Had he laid near the Place which at presents contains

Of the two sorry Sinners the stupid Remains,

'Tis a Pound to a Penny, but his Ashes would fly on,  
And handle your Skulls like the *Bear* and the *Lion*.

But for fear I should dwell on the Subject too long,  
And the Dulness I laugh at be seen in my Song ;  
Lest the *Muse* should turn Jade, and, by Sympathy led,  
Take Part of the Scandal sh'has flung on the Dead,  
I'll no more of your Canting, and Whining, and Chiming,  
Your *Elizabeth* Phrase, and your *Farthingal* Rhiming,  
Brought in Use as a Covert to Nonsense, I'll tell ye,  
As that *righteous Queen's* Dress was to hide a *Great Belly*.

But tho' the loud Rabble should never deny ye ;  
Confirm'd in their Purpose, and resolv'd to stand by ye ;  
Tho' the *poor Ones* should murmur, and doat on your *Sense*,  
For want of due *Thinking*, and for want of the *Pence* ;  
Tho' the stiff *Parish-Clerks*, with their *Bands* and their

[*Gowns*,  
Read the *New Psalms* with *Hums*, and with *Ha's*, and  
[with *Frowns*,

'Cause the *Levites*, their Masters, by Chance are afraid  
*Innovation* should turn to a Practice and Trade ;  
And by those Means the *Godly Wife-Acres* be driven  
From their *Desks* and their *Pulpits*, their *Sloth* and their

[*Heaven* ;  
Tho' the *Stationers* strive, all they can, to decry 'em,  
And *Took* swears that Thousands of *old Ones* lie by 'em :  
Tho' the *late Version* fails of the *Spirit* and *Force*  
Of *David's Rejoycings*. or *David's Remorse* ;

Yet I'm not such a Coxcomb, 'sted of *new Psalms* to  
[learn *Old*,  
Or to quit *Tate* and *Brady* for *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.



## Advice to a VINTNER.

*Mart. Epig. 19. l. 1. Quid te, Tucca, juvat.*

**W**HAT Planet distracts thee, what damnable Star,  
 To dash honest *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar-a-Bar*?  
 Why should innocent Claret be murder'd by Port?  
 Thou'lt surely be sentenc'd in *Bacchus's* Court.  
 As for us drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown,  
 Or are decently poison'd, what Loss has the Town?  
 But to kill harmless Claret, that does so much Good,  
 Is downright Effusion of true Christian Blood:  
 Ne'er think what I tell you is Matter of Laughter,  
 Thou'lt be curs'd for't in this World, and damn'd for't here-  
 [after.]

## The VINTNER'S Answer.

**I**F what thou asserts, dear *Thomas*, be true,  
 It is to get rid of such Chap-Men as you,  
 That I and my Brethren have learned to brew.

Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,  
 Whether Dogs-Turd or Honey, no matter for that;  
 For all our Design's but to poison a Rat.

He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,  
 Departs without Chime of *Hopkins's* Psalter,  
 And that, you well know, is no Matter of Laughter.

*Sister* JANE, by Mr. Ozell.

**S**ISTER *Jane*, a Bye-blow had:

Then fasted, liv'd sedate,  
 Was always at her Prayers and sad:

Her Sisters at the Grate.

One Day the Abbess's Counsel gives,

To live as Sister *Jenny* lives;

To shun the World and Company ———

A Sister straight replies,

When *We* have Done as Much as *She*,

*We* too shall be as *Wise*.

MERRY



## MERRY ANDREW.

**S**LY *Merry Andrew*, the last *Southwark Fair*  
 (At *Barthol'mew* he did not much appear :  
 So peevish was the Edict of the May'r)  
 At *Southwark* therefore as his Tricks he show'd,  
 To please our Masters, and his Friends, the Crowd :  
 A huge Neats-Tongue He in his Right Hand held :  
 His Left was with a good Black-Pudding fill'd.  
 With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,  
 'The clownish Mimic traverses the Stage :  
 Why how now, *Andrew* ! cries his Brother Droll,  
 To day's Conceit, methinks, is something dull :  
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,  
 What does your Emblematic Worship mean ?  
 Quoth *Andrew*, Honest *English* let us speak ;  
 Your Emble — (what d'ye call't ?) is Heathen Greek.  
 To Tongue or Pudding thou hast no Pretence :  
 Learning Thy Talent is, but Mine is Sense.  
 That busy Fool I was, which Thou art now ;  
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;  
 With very good Design, but little Wit ;  
 Blaming or praising Things, as I thought fit.  
 I for this Conduct had what I deserv'd ;  
 And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.  
 But Thanks to my indulgent Stars, I Eat ;  
 Since I have found the Secret to be Great.  
 O dearest *Andrew*, says the humble Droll,  
 Henceforth may I Obey, and Thou controll ;  
 Provided Thou impart Thy useful Skill.  
 Bow then, says *Andrew* ; and, for once, I will.  
 Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er He says ;  
 Sleep very much ; Think little ; and Talk less :  
 Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong ;  
 But Eat your Pudding, Slave ; and Hold your Tongue.  
 A Rev'rend Prelate stopt his Coach and Six,  
 To laugh a little at our *Andrew's* Tricks.  
 But when He heard him give this Golden Rule,  
 Drive on, he cry'd, this Fellow is no Fool.



*An Epistle to FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Esq;*

S I R,

*Burligh, May 14, 1689.*

**A**S once a Twelvemonth to the Priest,  
Holy at Rome, here Antichrist,  
The *Spanish* King presents a Jennet,  
To shew his Love; — That's all that's in it:  
For if his Holiness would thump  
His reverend Bum 'gainst Horse's Rump,  
He might b'equipt from his own Stable  
With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or as with Gondola's and Men, His  
Good Excellence the Duke of *Venice*  
(I wish, for Rhime, 't had been the King)  
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;  
Which Trick of State, he wisely maintains,  
Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance:  
For else, in honest Truth, the Sea  
Has much less need of Gold, than He.

Or, not to rove, or pump one's Fancy  
For Popish Similies beyond Sea;  
As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement  
Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent;  
Present a Turkey, or a Hen  
To Those might better spare Them Ten:  
Ev'n so, with all Submission, I  
(For first Men instance, then apply)  
Send You each Year a homely Letter,  
Who may return Me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,  
To pay Respect, and not shew Wit:  
Nor look askew at what it saith;  
There's no Petition in it, ——— 'Faith.

Here some would scratch their Heads, and try  
What They should write, and How, and Why;  
But I conceive, such Folks are quite in  
Mistakes, in Theory of Writing.  
If once for Principle 'tis laid,  
That Thought is Trouble to the Head;

D

I argue

I argue thus: The World agrees,  
That He writes well, who writes with Ease:  
Then He, by Sequel Logical,  
Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light;  
Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't;  
The God, not we, the Poem makes;  
We only tell Folks what He speaks.  
Hence, when Anatomists discourse,  
How like Brutes Organs are to Ours;  
They grant, if higher Powers think fit,  
A Bear might soon be made a Wit;  
And that, for any thing in Nature,  
Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satire.

*Memnon*, tho' Stone, was counted vocal;  
But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.  
*Rome* oft has heard a Cross haranguing,  
With prompting Priest behind the Hanging:  
The Wooden Head resolv'd the Question;  
While You and *Pettis* help'd the Jest on.

Your crabbed Rogues that read *Lucretius*,  
Are against Gods, You know; and teach us,  
The God makes not the Poet; but  
The Thesis, *vice-versa* put,  
Should *Hel-reav-wife* be understood;  
And means, The Poet makes the God.

*Egyptian* Gard'ners thus are said to  
Have let the Leeks they after pray'd to:  
And *Romish* Bakers praise the Deity  
They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety.

That when You Poets swear and cry,  
The God inspires; I rave, I die;  
If inward Wind does truly swell Ye,  
'T must be the Cholick in your Belly:  
That Writing is but just like Dice;  
And lucky Mains make People Wise:  
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,  
Shall, well as *Dryden*, form a Poem;  
Or make a Speech, correct and witty,  
As you know who ——— at the Committee,

So Atoms dancing round the Center,  
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters shou'd be spoke  
By Method, rather than by Luck;  
This may confine their younger Stiles,  
Whom *Dryden* Pedagogues at *Will's*:  
But never cou'd be meant to tie  
Authentick Wits, like You and I:  
For as young Children, who are try'd in  
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding;  
When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,  
Make use of such Machine no longer;  
But leap *pro Libitu*, and scout  
On Horse call'd Hobby, or without:  
So when at School we first declaim,  
Old *Busby* walks us in a Theme,  
Whose Props support our Infant Vein,  
And help the Rickets in the Brain:  
But when our Souls their Force dilate,  
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate;  
In Verse or Prose, We write or chat,  
Not Six-pence Matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author says;  
But 'tis how much, that gathers Praise.  
*Tenison*, who is himself a Wit,  
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.  
Thus each should down with all he thinks,  
As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see you;  
I hope Y<sup>e</sup> are well; so God be wi' You;  
Was all I thought at first to write:  
But Things, since then, are alter'd quite;  
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high:  
So God knows when my Clack will lie:  
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,  
And beg your Pardon yet this half Hour.

So at pure Barn of loud *Non con*,  
Where with my Granam I have gone,  
When *Lobb* had sifted all his Text,  
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;

Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,  
Than all his Villain Cant before.

For your Religion, first, of Her  
Your Friends do sav'ry Things aver:  
They say, She's honest, as your Claret,  
Not fow'd with Cant; nor stum'd with Merit:  
Your Chamber is the sole Retreat  
Of Chaplains ev'ry Sunday Night:  
Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,  
When Lay-man hears with Man Divine:  
For if their Fame be justly great,  
Who wou'd no Popish Nuncio treat;  
That His is greater, We must grant,  
Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant.  
One single Positive weighs more,  
You know, than Negatives a Score.

In Politicks, I hear, You're stanch,  
Directly bent against the French;  
Deny to have your free-born Toe  
Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe:  
Are in no Plots; but fairly drive at  
The Publick Welfare, in your Private:  
And will, for England's Glory, try  
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,  
And keep your Places till You die.

For me, whom wandring Fortune threw  
From what I lov'd, the Town and You;  
Let me just tell You how my Time is  
Past in a Country-Life. ——— *Imprimis,*  
As soon as *Phæbus*' Rays inspect us,  
First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast;  
So on, 'till foresaid God does set  
I sometimes Study, sometimes Eat.  
Thus, of your Heroes, and brave Boys,  
With whom old *Homer* makes such Noise,  
The greatest Actions I can find,  
Are, that they did their Work, and Din'd.

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,  
Are such, as You have whilom con'd;

That

That treat of *China's* Civil Law,  
 And Subjects Right in *Golconda* ;  
 Of Highway-Elephants at *Ceylan*,  
 That rob in Clans, like Men o'th' *Highland* ;  
 Of Apes that storm, or keep a Town,  
 As well almost as Count *Lauzun* ;  
 Of Unicorns and Alligators,  
 Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,  
 And twenty other stranger Matters ;  
 Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,  
 Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Criticks I read on other Men,  
 And Hypers upon them again ;  
 From whose Remarks I give Opinion  
 On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in One.

Then all your Wits that flee and sham,  
 Down from *Don Quixote* to *Tom Tram* ;  
 From whom I jests and Puns purloin,  
 And sily put 'em off for Mine :  
 Fond to be thought a Country Wit :  
 The rest, ——— when Fate and You think fit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her  
 To bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar ;  
 Sometimes at *Stamford* take a Quart,  
 'Squire *Shepherd's* Health, ——— With all my Heart.

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,  
 I fool away an idle Life ;  
 Till *Shadwell* from the Town retires,  
 (Choak'd up with Fame and Sea coal Fires)  
 To bless the Wood with peaceful Lyrick ;  
 Then hey for Praise and Panegyrick ;  
 Justice restor'd, and Nations freed,  
 And Wreaths round *William's* glorious Head.



To the same.

WHEN crowding Folks, with strange ill Faces,  
Were making Legs and begging Places,  
And some with *Patents*, some with *Merit*,  
Tir'd out my good Lord *Dorset's* Spirit:  
Sneaking I stood, amongst the Crew,  
Desiring much to speak with you.  
I waited while the Clock struck *Thrice*,  
And *Footman* brought out fifty Lies;  
Till *Patience* vext, and *Legs* grown weary,  
I thought it was in vain to tarry:  
But did opine, it might be better,  
By Penny-Post to send a Letter:  
Now, if you miss of this *Epistle*,  
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.  
My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,  
Is to desire some little Place;  
And fair Pretensions I have for't,  
Much Need, and very small Desert.  
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;  
I always begg'd, you always granted.  
Now, as you took me up when little,  
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle:  
Ask'd for me, from my Lord \*, things fitting,  
Kind as I'd been your own begetting,  
Confirm what formerly you've given,  
Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens,  
As *Sunderland* has left *Mun Stephens*.

No Family that takes a Whelp,  
When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,  
Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,  
When He's grown up to Dog's Estate:  
Nor Parish if they once adopt  
The spurious Brat by Strolers dropt,  
Leave 'em when grown up Lusty Fellows,  
To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:

\* *Earl of Dorset.*

No,



No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,  
Than if they'ad throttled 'em at Nurse.

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living,  
Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving †;  
Taught me with *Cider* to replenish  
My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rhenish*.  
So when for *Hock* I drew Prickt *White-wine*,  
Swear 't had the Flavour, and was right *Wine*:  
Or sent me with Ten Pounds to *Furni-*  
*val's* Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney;  
Where now, by forging Deeds, and cheating,  
I'ad found some handsome ways of getting.

All this You made me quit, to follow  
That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*;  
Sent me among a Fiddling Crew  
Of Folks, I'ad never seen nor knew,  
*Calliope*, and God knows who.

To add no more Invectives to it,  
You spoil'd a Youth to make a Poet.  
In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man  
That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.  
Among all honest Christian People,  
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,  
Is, that you'd put me in some Way,  
And your *Petitioner* shall pray —

There's One thing more, I had almost slipt,  
But that may do as well in *Postscript*;  
My Friend *Charles Montague's* prefer'd,  
Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,  
That One Mouse Eats, while t'other's Starv'd. †

† His Uncle was a *Vintner*.

† Mr. Montague, afterwards *Earl of Hallifax*, gained  
so much Reputation by Transversing Mr. Dryden's Hind  
and Panther, to the Story of the City Mouse and Country  
Mouse, that he was called Mouse Montague. But here  
Mr. Prior claims an equal Share in the Performance.

## The DOVE. A Tale.

— *Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ ?*

Virg.

**I**N *Virgil's* Sacred Verse we find,  
That Passion can depress or raise  
The Heav'nly, as the Human Mind:  
Who dare deny what *Virgil* says ?

But if They shou'd ; what our Great Master  
Has thus laid down, my Tale shall prove.  
Fair *Venus* wept the sad Disaster  
Of having lost her Fav'rite *Dove*.

In Complaisance poor *Cupid* mourn'd ;  
His Grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain ;  
He vow'd he'd leave no Stone unturn'd,  
But She shou'd have her *Dove* again.

Tho' None, said He, shall yet be nam'd,  
I know the Felon well enough :  
But be She not, Mamma, condemn'd  
Without a fair and legal Proof.

With that, his longest Dart he took,  
(As Constable wou'd take his Staff :  
That Gods desire like Men to look,  
Wou'd make ev'n *Heraclitus* laugh.

*Loves* Subaltern, a Duteous Band,  
Like Watchmen round their Chief appear :  
Each had his Lanthorn in his Hand :  
And *Venus* mask'd brought up the Rear.

Accouter'd thus, their eager Step  
To *Cloe's* Lodging They directed :  
(At once I write, alas ! and weep,  
That *Cloe* is of Theft suspected.)

Late They set out, had far to go :  
St. *Dunstan's*, as they pass'd, struck One.  
*Cloe*, for Reasons good, You know,  
Lives at the sober End o'th' Town.

With

With one great Peal They rap the Door,

Like Footmen on a Visiting-Day.

Folks at her House at such an Hour !

Lord ! what will all the Neighbours say ?

The Door is open'd : up they run :

Nor Prayers, nor Threats divert their Speed :

Thieves, Thieves ! cries *Susan* ; We're undone :

They'll kill my Mistress in her Bed.

In Bed indeed the Nymph had been

Three Hours : for all Historians say,

She commonly went up at Ten,

Unless *Piquer* was in the Way.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange Surprise.

O *Cupid*, is this Right or Law,

Thus to disturb the brightest Eyes,

That ever slept, or ever saw ?

Have You observ'd a sitting Hare,

Lift'ning, and fearful of the Storm

Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her Ear,

Afraid to keep, or leave her Form ?

Or have You mark'd a Partridge quake,

Viewing the tow'ring Faulcon nigh ?

She cuddles low behind the Brake ;

Nor wou'd she stay, nor dares she fly.

Then have You seen the Beauteous Maid :

When gazing on her Midnight Foes,

She turn'd each Way her frighted Head,

Then sunk it deep beneath the Cloaths.

*Venus* this while was in the Chamber

*Incognito* : for *Susan* said,

It smelt so strong of Myrrh and Amber —

And *Susan* is no lying Maid.

But since We have no present Need

Of *Venus* for an Episode ;

With *Cupid* let us e'en proceed :

And thus to *Cloe* spoke the God :

Hold up your Head : hold up your Hand :

Would it were not my Lot to shew ye  
This cruel *Writ*, wherein you stand  
Indicted by the Name of *Cloe* :

For that by secret Malice stirr'd,  
Or by an emulous Pride invited,  
You have purloin'd the fav'rite Bird,  
In which my Mother most delighted.

Her blushing Face the lovely Maid  
Rais'd just above the milk-white Sheet.

A Rose-Tree in a Lilly Bed,  
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

Are You not He whom Virgins fear,  
And Widows court ? Is not your Name  
*Cupid* ? If so, pray come not near —  
Fair Maiden, I'm the very same.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say,  
Or do with Her, You call your Mother ?  
If I shou'd meet Her in my Way,  
We hardly court'fy to each other.

*Diana* Chaste, and *Hebe* Sweet,  
Witness that what I speak is true :  
I wou'd not give my Paroquet  
For all the *Doves* that ever flew.

Yet, to compose this Midnight Noise,  
Go freely search where-e'er you please :  
(The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd her Voice)  
Upon yon' Toilet lie my Keys.

Her Keys He takes ; her Doors unlocks ;  
Thro' Wardrobe, and thro' Closet bounces ;  
Peeps into ev'ry Chest and Box ;  
Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces.

But *Dove*, depend on't, finds He none ;  
So to the Bed returns again :  
And now the Maiden, bolder grown,  
Begins to treat Him with Disdain.

I marvel

I marvel much, She smiling said,  
Your Poultry cannot yet be found :  
Lies he in yonder Slipper dead,  
Or, may be, in the Tea-pot drown'd ?

No, Traytor, angry Love replies,  
He's hid somewhere about Your Breast ;  
A Place, nor God, nor Man denies,  
For *Venus' Dove* the proper Nest.

Search then, She said, put in your Hand,  
And *Cynthia*, dear Protectress, guard Me :  
As guilty I, or free may stand,  
Do Thou, or punish, or reward me.

But ah ! what Maid to Love can trust ?  
He scorns, and breaks all legal Power :  
Into her Breast his Hand He thrust ;  
And in a Moment forc'd it lower.

O, whither do those Fingers rove,  
Cries *Cloe*, treacherous Urchin, whither ?  
O *Venus* ! I shall find thy *Dove*,  
Says He ; for sure I touch his Feather.

## HANS CARVEL. *A Tale.*

**H**ANS CARVEL, Impotent and Old,  
Married a Lass of *London* Mould :  
Handsome ? enough ; extremely Gay :  
Lov'd Musick, Company, and Play :  
High Flights She had, and Wit at Will :  
And so her Tongue lay seldom still :  
For in all Visits who but She,  
To Argue, or to Repartee ?

She made it plain, that Human Passion  
Was order'd by Predestination ;  
That if weak Women went astray,  
Their Stars were more in Fault than They :  
Whole Tragedies She had by Heart ;  
Enter'd into *Roxana's* Part :  
To Triumph in her Rival's Blood,  
The Action certainly was good.

How

How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd!  
 Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World!  
 She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,  
 That ridicul'd the God-like *Rage*.

She, first of all the Town, was told,  
 Where newest *India* Things were sold:  
 So in a Morning, without *Bodice*,  
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thoby's*;  
 To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen:  
 What else cou'd so much Virtue mean?  
 For to prevent the least Reproach,  
*Betty* went with her in the Coach.

But when no very great Affair  
 Excited her peculiar Care;  
 She without fail was wak'd at Ten;  
 Drank Chocolate, then slept again:  
 At Twelve She rose: with much ado  
 Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two:  
 Then; Does my Lady Dine at home?  
 Yes sure; — but is the Colonel come?  
 Next, how to spend the Afternoon,  
 And not come Home again too soon;  
 The 'Change, the City, or the Play,  
 As each was proper for the Day;  
 A Turn in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,  
 When it grew tolerably Dark.

Wife's Pleasure causes Husband's Pain:  
 Strange Fancies come in *Hans's* Brain:  
 He thought of what He did not name;  
 And wou'd reform; but durst not blame.  
 At first he therefore Preach'd his Wife  
 The Comforts of a Pious Life:  
 Told Her, how Transient Beauty was;  
 That All must die, and Flesh was Grass:  
 He bought Her Sermons, Psalms and Graces;  
 And doubled down the useful Places,  
 But still the Weight of Worldly Care  
 Allow'd her little Time for Pray'r:  
 And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,  
 While *Scot*, and *Wake*, and *Twenty* more,

That



That teach one to deny one's self,  
 Stood unmolested on the Shelf.  
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet :  
 No fear that Thumb of Her's should spoil it.  
 In short, the Trade was still the same :  
 The Dame went out, the Colonel came.  
 What's to be done ? poor *Carvel* cry'd :  
 Another Batt'ry must be try'd :  
 What if to Spells I had Recourse ?  
 'Tis but to hinder something Worse.  
 The End must justify the Means :  
 He only Sins who Ill intends :  
 Since therefore 'tis to combat Evil ;  
 'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear  
 (For name Him, and He's always near)  
 Not in the Shape in which He plies  
 At Miss's Elbow, when She lies ;  
 Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors,  
 To take the naughty Boy that roars :  
 But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,  
 Like a grave Barrister at Law.

*Hans Carvel*, lay aside your Grief,  
 The Devil says: I bring Relief.  
 Relief ! says *Hans*: pray let me crave  
 Your Name, Sir. — *Satan*. — Sir, your Slave ;  
 I did not look upon your Feet :  
 You'll pardon Me: — Ay, now I see't:  
 And pray, Sir, when came You from Hell ?  
 Our Friends there, did You leave them well ?  
 All well : but pr'ythee honest *Hans*,  
 (Says *Satan*) leave your Complaisance :  
 The Truth is this : I cannot stay  
 Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day :  
 For, *entre Nous*, We Hellish Sprites,  
 Love more the Fresco of the Nights ;  
 And oft'ner our Receipts convey  
 In Dreams, than any other Way.  
 I tell You therefore as a Friend,  
 E'er Morning dawns, your Fears shall end :

Go then this Evening, Master *Carvel*,  
 Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel ;  
 Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care ;  
 Whilst I the great Receipt prepare :  
 To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith ;  
 Believe for once what *Satan* saith.

Away went *Hans* : glad ? not a little ;  
 Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle ;  
 Invited Friends some half a Dozen,  
 The Colonel, and my Lady's Cousin,  
 The Meat was serv'd ; the Bowls were crown'd ;  
 Catches were sung ; and Healths went round :  
 Barbadoes Waters for the Close :  
 'Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose :  
 The Colonel toasted to the best :  
 The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest :  
 The Chimes went Twelve : the Guests withdrew :  
 But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.  
 Some Modern Anecdotes aver,  
 He nodded in his Elbow Chair ;  
 From thence was carry'd off to Bed :  
*John* held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.  
 My Lady was disturb'd : new Sorrow !  
 Which *Hans* must answer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view this happy Pair ;  
 And think how *Hymen* Triumph'd there.  
*Hans*, fast asleep, as soon as laid ;  
 The Duty of the Night unpaid :  
 The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress'd,  
 That made Her Hate, both Him and Rest :  
 By such a Husband, such a Wife !  
 'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimius' Life*.  
 The Lady sigh'd : the Lover snor'd :  
 The punctual Devil kept his Word :  
 Appear'd to honest *Hans* again ;  
 But not at all by Madam seen :  
 And giving Him a Magick Ring,  
 Fit for the Finger of a King :  
 Dear *Hans*, said He, this Jewel take,  
 And wear it long for *Satan's* Sake :

'Twill

'Twill do your Business to a Hair :  
 For long as you this Ring shall wear,  
 As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,  
 That ne'er shall happen which You think on.

*Hans* took the Ring with Joy extream ;  
 (All this was only in a Dream)  
 And thrusting it beyond his Joint,  
 'Tis done, He cry'd : I've gain'd my Point. —  
 What Point, said She, You ugly Beast ?  
 You neither give Me Joy nor Rest.  
 'Tis done. — What's done, You drunken Bear ?  
 You've thrust your Finger G—d knows where.

PAULO PURGANTI and his WIFE :  
*An Honest, but a Simple Pair.*

*Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod  
 Deceat : quod Cogitatione magis a Virtute potest, quam Re  
 separari. Cic. de Off. Lib. 2.*

**B**EYOND the fix'd and settl'd Rules  
 Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,  
 Beyond the Letter of the Law,  
 Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe,  
 The better Sort should set before 'em  
 A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum ;  
 Something, that gives their Acts a Light ;  
 Makes 'em not only just, but bright ;  
 And sets 'em in that open Fame,  
 Which witty Malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting :  
 Much may be Right, yet much be Wanting :  
 From Lines drawn true, our Eye may trace  
 A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face :  
 May justly own the Picture wrought  
 Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault :  
 Yet if the Colouring be not there,  
 The *Titian* Stroke, the *Guido* Air ;  
 To nicest Judgment shew the Piece ;  
 At best 'twill only not displease :

It would *not* gain on *Jersey's* Eye:  
*Bradford* would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the Picture of our Mind,  
 The Action may be well design'd ;  
 Guided by Law, and bound by Duty ;  
 Yet want this *Je ne scay* quoy of Beauty :  
 And tho' its Error may be such,  
 As *Knags* and *Burgefs* cannot hit ;  
 It yet may feel the nicer Touch  
 Of *Wycherley* or *Congreve's* Wit.

What is this Talk ? replies a Friend :  
 And where will this dry Moral end ?  
 The Truth of what You here lay down  
 By some Example should be shown. —  
 With all my Heart, — for once ; — read on.  
 An Honest, but a Simple Pair  
 (And Twenty other I forbear)  
 May serve to make this *Thesis* clear.

A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,  
*Paulo Purganti* was his Name,  
 Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife :  
 No Woman led a better Life :  
 She to Intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted :  
 She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted :  
 And thought the Nation ne'er wou'd thrive,  
 Till all the Whores were burnt alive.  
 On marry'd Men, that dare be bad,  
 She thought no Mercy should be had ;  
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or dead,  
 Or serv'd like *Romish* Priests in *Swede*. —  
 In short, all Lewdness She defy'd :  
 And stiff was her Parochial Pride.

Yet in an honest Way, the Dame  
 Was a great Lover of That same ;  
 And could from Scripture take her Cue,  
 That Husbands should give Wives their Due.

Her Prudence did so justly steer  
 Between the Gay and the Severe,  
 That if in some Regards She chose  
 To curb poor *Paulo* in too close ;

In others She relax'd again,  
And govern'd with a looser Rein.

Thus tho' She strictly did confine  
The Doctor from Excess of Wine ;  
With Oysters, Eggs, and Vermicelli  
She let him almost burst his Belly :  
Thus drying Coffee was deny'd ;  
But Chocolate that Loss supply'd :  
And for Tobacco (who could bear it ?)  
Filthy Concomitant of Claret !  
( Blest Revolution ! ) one might see  
Eringo Roots, and Bohe Tea.

She often set the Doctor's Band,  
And strok'd his Beard, and squeez'd his Hand :  
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon  
He went to pore on Books too soon :  
She held it wholesomer by much,  
To rest a little on the Couch : —  
About his Waste in Bed a-nights  
She clung so close ——— for fear of Sprites.

The Doctor understood the Call ;  
But had not always wherewithal.

The Lion's Skin too short, you know,  
(As *Plutarch's* Morals finely show)  
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail :  
And Art supplies, where Strength may fail.

Unwilling then in Arms to meet  
The Enemy, He could not beat ;  
He strove to lengthen the Campaign,  
And save his Forces by Chicane.

*Fabius* the Roman Chief, who thus  
By fair Retreat grew *Maximus*,  
Shows us, that all that Warrior can do  
With Force inferior, is *Cunctando*.

One Day then, as the Foe drew near,  
With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear ;  
Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle  
Did, sure as Trumpet, call to Battle ;  
Thought it extreemly *a propos*,  
To ward against the coming Blow :

To ward! but how? Ay, there's the Question :  
Fierce the Assault, unarm'd the Bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange Surpise :  
He felt her Pulse : he view'd her Eyes :  
That beat too fast, These roll'd too quick :  
She was, He said, or would be Sick :  
He judg'd it absolutely good,  
That She should purge and cleanse her Blood,  
*Sparw* Waters for that end were got :  
If they pass easily or not,  
What matters it? the Lady's Fever  
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a Distemper of this Kind,  
(*Blackmore* and *Hans* are of my Mind)  
If once it youthful Blood infects,  
And chiefly of the Female Sex,  
Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion,  
What-e'er might be our Doctor's Notion.

One luckless Night then, as in Bed  
The Doctor and the Dame were laid ;  
Again this cruel Fever came,  
High Pulse, short Breath, and Blood in Flame,  
What Measures shall poor *Paulo* keep  
With Madam, in this piteous taking?  
She like *Macbeth*, has murder'd Sleep,  
And won't allow him Rest, tho' waking.  
Sad State of Matters! when we dare  
Not ask for Peace, nor offer War :  
Nor *Liwy*, nor *Comines* have shown,  
What in this Juncture may be done.  
*Grotius* might own, that *Paulo's* Case is  
Harder, than any which he places  
Among his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,  
By Dint of Logic to maintain,  
That all the Sex was born to grieve,  
Down to her Ladyship from *Eve*,  
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience ;  
Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,



Divines and Moralists; and run y' on  
 Quite thro' from *Seneca* to *Bunyan*.  
 As much in vain he bid her try  
 To fold her Arms, to close her eye;  
 Telling her, Rest would do her good;  
 If any thing in Nature cou'd:  
 So held the *Greeks* quite down from *Galen*,  
 Masters and Princes of the Calling:  
 So all our modern Friends maintain  
 (Tho' no great *Greeks*) in *Warwick-Lane*.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring Song:  
 A Tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,  
 And sigh'd, and tost, and groan'd, and turn'd:  
 At last, I wish, said she, my Dear —  
 (And whisper'd something in his Ear.)  
 You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries:  
 Lord! when will Womankind be wise?  
 What, in your Waters? are you mad?  
 Why Poison is not half so bad.  
 I'll do it — But I give you Warning:  
 You'll die before To-morrow Morning. —  
 'Tis kind, my Dear, what you advise;  
 The Lady with a Sigh replies:  
 But Life, you know, at best is Pain:  
 And Death is what we should disdain.  
 So do it therefore, and Adieu:  
 For I will die for Love of You. —  
 Let wanton Wives by Death be scar'd:  
 But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.



DOWN.

DOWN-HALL. *A curious Ballad.**To the Tune of King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury.**Written in the Year 1715.*

**I** Sing not old *Jason*, who travell'd thro' *Greece*,  
 To kiss the fair *Maids*, and possess the rich *Fleece*;  
 Nor sing I *Aeneas*, who, led by his Mother,  
 Got rid of *One Wife*, and went far for *Another*,  
*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

Nor him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,  
*Ulysses* by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;  
 But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,  
 Than return to his Farms, and converse with old *Pen*.

Hang *Homer* and *Virgil*, their Meaning to seek,  
 A Man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;  
 Those who love our own Tongue, we have reason to hope,  
 Have read them Translated by *Dryden* and *Pope*.

But I sing Exploits that have lately been done  
 By two *British* Heroes, call'd *Matthew* and *John* †;  
 And how they rid friendly from fine *London Town*,  
 Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call *DOWN*.

Now e'er they went out, you may rightly suppose,  
 How much they discours'd, both in Prudence and Prose:  
 For before this great Journey was throughly concerted,  
 Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus *Matthew* said, Look you here, my Friend *John*,  
 I fairly have travell'd Years thirty and one;  
 And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's Warrants,  
 I only have gone upon other folks Errands.

† *Matthew Prior, Esq; and John Morley of Halstead in Essex, Esq; Bred a Butcher (but was accounted one of the greatest Land-Jobbers in England) and in Honour of his Profession, annually killed a Hog, in the Publick Market, and took a Grdat for it. He died 1732.*

And

And now in this Journey of Life, I would have  
A Place where to bait, 'twixt the Court and the Grave;  
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die——  
*Gadzooks*, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so stately, and Arbours so thick,  
A Portal of Stone, and a Fabrick of Brick.  
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r;  
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be paid in an Hour.

For things in this World must by Law be made certain,  
We both must repair unto *Oliver Martin*;  
For he is a Lawyer of worthy Renown.  
I'll bring you to see; he must fix you at *DOWN*.

Quoth *Matthew*, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*  
You've sold all our Premises over and over.

And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,  
You may throw all our Acres into the *South Sea*.

But a Word to the Purpose; To-morrow, dear Friend,  
We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.  
And if with a Garden and House I am blest,  
Let the Devil and *Coningsby*\* go with the rest.

Then answer'd Squire *Morley*, pray get a Calash,  
That in Summer may burn, and in Winter may splash;  
I love Dirt and Dust; and 'tis always my Pleasure,  
To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

But *Matthew* thought better: For *Matthew* thought right,  
And hired a Chariot so trim and so tight,  
That Extremes both of Winter and Summer might pass;  
For one Window was Canvas, the other was Glass.

Draw up, quoth friend *Matthew*; pull down, quoth Friend  
We shall be both hotter and colder anon. [*John*,  
Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed,  
And *Ralpho* pac'd by, under *Newman* the *Swede*.

Into an old Inn did this Equipage roll,  
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,  
Near a Nymph with an Urn, that divides the High-way,  
And into a Puddle throws Mother of *Tea*.

\* *Lord Coningsby*, with whom he had differed.

Come

Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d'ye do?  
Where is 'Sisley so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?  
And where is the *Widow* that dwelt here below?  
And the *Hofler* that Sung about Eight Years ago?

And where is your *Sister* so mild and so dear?  
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear.  
By my Troth, *She replies*, you grow *Younger*, I think:  
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust,  
If I know to which Question to answer you first.  
Why Things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,  
And the *Hofler* is Hang'd, and the *Widow* is Marry'd.

And *Prue* left a Child for the Parish to Nurse;  
And 'Sisley went off with a Gentleman's Purse;  
And as to my *Sister* so mild and so dear,  
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well; Peace to her Ashes (what signifies Grief?)  
She roasted red Veal, and she powder'd lean Beef:  
Full nicely she knew to cook-up a fine Dish;  
For tough was her Pullets, and tender her Fish.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord,  
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:  
I should look on my self as unhappily sped,  
Did I yield to a Sister, or living or dead.

Of Mutton, a delicate Neck and a Breast,  
Shall swim in the Water in which they were drest:  
And because you great Folks are with Rarities taken,  
Addle-Eggs shall be next Course, tost up with rank Bacon.

Then Supper was serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;  
And *Morley* most lovingly whisper'd the Maid.  
The Maid! was She handsome? why truly so, so:  
But what *Morley* whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the Sun,  
And their *Horses* like his, were prepared to Run:  
Now when in the Morning *Matt* ask'd for the Score,  
*John* kindly had paid it the Ev'ning before.

Their



What is this thing, *Morley*, and how can you mean it?  
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.  
Have Patience, soft, *Morley* in anger reply'd:  
To find out our way, let us send off our Guide.

O here I spy *Down*: cast your Eye to the *West*,  
Where a *Wind-Mill* so stately stands plainly confest.  
On the *West*, reply'd *Matthew*, no *Wind-Mill* I find:  
As well thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-Wind*.

Now pardon me, *Morley*, the *Wind-Mill* I spy,  
But faithful *Achates*, no House is there nigh.  
Look again, says mild *Morley*, *Gadzooks* you are blind:  
The *Mill* stands before, and the *House* lies behind.

O now a low ruin'd white *Shed* I discern,  
 Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn*.  
 A *Barn*! why you rave: 'Tis a *House* for a 'Squire,  
 A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A House shoud' be built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.  
Why, 'tis *Plaster* and *Lath*; and I think, that's all One.  
And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,  
Been called a *HALL*, and has given its Name  
To DOWN, down, hey derry down.

O Morley, O Morley, if that be a Hall,  
The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall——  
With your Friend *Jemmy Gibbs* about Buildings agree,  
My Business is Land; and it matters not me.

I wish you cou'd tell, what a Duce your Head ails :  
I shew'd you *Down-Hall* ; did you look for *Versailles* ?  
Then take House and Farm, as *John Ballet* will let you ;  
For Better, for Worse, as I took my Dame *Betty*.

And now, Sir, a Word to the Wife is enough ;  
You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff :  
And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow simple ;  
Are you young and rich, like the *Mafier* of *Wimple* ? †

If you have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,  
From twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings:  
And in yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate;  
E'er you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate.

† *The Earl of Oxford.*

## Now



Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part.  
Here, *John*, is my Thumb; and here, *Mat*, is my Heart,  
To *Halfstead* I speed; and you go back to 'Town.  
Thus ends the *First Part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN*.

*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

*The THIEF and CORDELIER, a Ballad.*

*To the foregoing Tune.*

WHO has e'er been at *Paris*, must needs know the  
The fatal Retreat of th'unfortunate Brave:  
Where Honour and Justice most odly contribute,  
To ease Heroes Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.

*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on;  
And the Hangman compleats what the Judge but begun:  
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,  
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more

*Derry down, &c.*

[*crost.*

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;  
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own:  
But my Hearers cry out, What a duce dost thou ail?  
Put off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.

*Derry down, &c.*

'Twas there then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,  
And for want of false Witness, to back a bad Cause,  
A *Norman*, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:  
And who to assist, but a grave *Cordelier*.

*Derry down, &c.*

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scene,  
Seem'd not in great Haile, that the Show shou'd begin:  
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;  
And often took leave, but was loath to Depart.

*Derry down, &c.*

What frightens you thus, my good Son ? says the Priest.  
 You Murder'd, are Sorry, and have been Confest.  
 O Father ! My Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon :  
 For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken.

*Derry down, &c.*

Pough ! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy Head with such Fancies :  
 Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint *Francis* :  
 If the Money You promis'd be brought to the Chest ;  
 You have only to Dye, let the Church do the rest.

*Derry down, &c.*

And what will Folks say, if they see You afraid ?  
 It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade :  
 Courage, Friend ; To day is your Period of Sorrow ;  
 And Things will go better, believe me, To-morrow.

*Derry down, &c.*

To-morrow ? our Hero reply'd in a Fright :  
 He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.  
 Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly trufs'd up ;  
 For you surely to-night shall in *Paradise* sup.

*Derry down, &c.*

Alas ! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,  
*Parblew*, I shall have little Stomach to eat :  
 I should therefore esteem it great Favour and Grace,  
 Wou'd you be so kind, as to go in my Place.

*Derry down, &c.*

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank ye to boot ;  
 But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit.  
 The Feast, I propos'd to You, I cannot talte :  
 For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.

*Derry down, &c.*

Then turning about to the Hangman, he said,  
 Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade :  
 For Thy Cord and My Cord both equally tie,  
 And We live by the Gold, for which other Men die.

*Derry down, &c.*

*The LADLE. A Tale.*

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,  
 Since Gods came down *Incognito*.  
 To see who were their Friends or Foes,  
 And how our Actions fell or rose :  
 That since they gave things their Beginning ;  
 And set this Whirligig a Spinning ;  
 Supine they in their Heav'n remain,  
 Exempt from Passion, and from Pain :  
 And frankly leave us human Elves,  
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves :  
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,  
 As Matter, and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold  
 This *Theſis* both absurd and bold :  
 And your good-natur'd Gods, They say,  
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day :  
 Else all these things we toil so hard in,  
 Would not avail one single Farthing :  
 For when the Hero we rehearse,  
 To grace his Actions, and our Verse ;  
 'Tis not by dint of human Thought,  
 That to his *Latium* he is brought ;  
*Iris* descends by *Fate's* Commands,  
 To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands :  
 And *Amphitrite* clears his Way  
 From Rocks and Quick sands in the Sea.

And if you see him in a Sketch  
 (Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*)  
 He shows not half his Force and Strength,  
 Strutting in Armour, and at length :  
 That he may make his proper Figure,  
 The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger :  
 The Nymphs conduct him to the Field :  
 One holds his Sword, and one his Shield :  
*Mars* standing by asserts his Quarrel :  
 And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.

These Points, I say, of Speculation  
 (As 'twere to save or sink the Nation)  
 Men idly learned will dispute,  
 Assert, object, confirm, refute:  
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,  
 With equal Arms sustains the Fight;  
 'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em:  
 So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *Equilibrio*,  
 If Deities descend or no?  
 Then let th' Affirmative prevail,  
 As requisite to form my Tale:  
 For by all Parties 'tis confest,  
 That those Opinions are the best,  
 Which in their Nature most conduce  
 To present Ends, and private Use.

Two Gods came therefore from above,  
 One *Mercury*, the t'other *Jove*:  
 The Humour was (it seems) to know,  
 If all the Favours they bestow,  
 Could from our own Perverseness ease us;  
 And if our Wish injoy'd would please us.

Discourfing largely on this Theme,  
 O'er Hills and Dales, their Godships came;  
 'Till well nigh tir'd at almost Night,  
 They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,  
 That in Disguise a God or Goddess  
 Exerts no supernat'ral Powers;  
 But acts on Maxims much like Ours.

They spy'd at last a Country Farm,  
 Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;  
 For Woods before, and Hills behind  
 Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind:  
 Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing:  
 Good Grain was sow'd: good Fruit was growing:  
 Of last Year's Corn in Barns great store;  
 Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door:  
 And Wealth (in short) with Peace consented,  
 That People here should live contented:

But

But did they in Effect do so?  
Have Patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife,  
To Years declin'd from Prime of Life,  
Had struggl'd with the Marriage Noose;  
As almost ev'ry Couple does:  
Sometimes, my Plague! sometimes, my Darling!  
Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling;  
Jointly submitting to endure  
That Evil, which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd:  
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;  
Thought they were Folks that lost their Way;  
And ask'd them civilly to stay:  
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,  
They might go on, and be worse sped.——

So said, so done: the Gods consent:  
All three into the Parlour went:  
They complement: they sit: they chat;  
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State:  
A thousand knotty Points they clear;  
Till Supper and my Wife appear.

*Jove* made his Leg, and kiss'd the Dame:  
Obsequious *Hermes* did the same.  
*Jove* kiss'd the Farmer's Wife, you say.  
He did — but in an honest way.  
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,  
With which he kiss'd *Amphitryon's* Wife.——

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd:  
My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd.  
How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,  
How loud they laugh, how much they eat,  
In Epic sumptuous wou'd appear;  
Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here:  
For I should grieve to have it said,  
That by a fine Description led,  
I made my Episode too long,  
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloth away,  
*Jove* thought it time to show his Play:

Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,  
 Folly and Jest'ing laid aside,  
 That ye thus hospitably live,  
 And Strangers with good Chear receive,  
 Is mighty grateful to your Betters,  
 And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.  
 To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof,  
 You have to Night beneath your Roof  
 A Pair of Gods: (nay, never wonder)  
 This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.  
 I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,  
 My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.  
 Form then three Wishes, You and Madam,  
 And sure as you already had 'em,  
 The things desir'd in half an Hour  
 Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank you, great Gods, the Woman says:  
 Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.

A Ladle for our Silver Dish

Is what I want, is what I wish.——

A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!

'Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill:

What should be Great, you turn to Farce:

I wish the Ladle in your A——

With equal Grief and Shame my Muse

The Sequel of the Tale pursues:

The Ladle fell into the Room,

And stuck in old *Corisca's* Bum;

Our Couple weep two Wishes past,

And kindly join to form the last,

To ease the Woman's aukward Pain,

And get the Ladle out again.

#### M O R A L.

**T**HIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,  
 Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:

His Head aches for a Coronet:

And who is Bless'd that is not Great?

Some Sense, and more Estate kind Heav'n,  
 To this well-lotted Peer has given:

What



What then ? He must have Rule and Sway :  
And all is wrong, till he's in Play.

The Miser must make up his Plumb,  
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum :  
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,  
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.

Against our Peace We arm our Will :  
Amidst our Plenty, *Something* still  
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,  
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.  
That cruel *Something* unpossess'd  
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.  
That *Something*, if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future Pain :  
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,  
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

## A LOVER'S ANGER.

**A**S *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,  
I peevish began ; Where so long cou'd you stay ?  
In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour :  
You promis'd at two ; and (pray look, Child) 'tis four.  
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels :  
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals.  
A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear——  
Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.  
Lord bless me ! said she ; let a body but speak :  
Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fall'n into my Neck :  
It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree——  
See here ; for you never believe me ; pray see,  
On the left side my Breast what a mark it has made !  
So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd.  
The Seat of Delight I with wonder survey'd,  
And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.



*The COBLER. A Tale.*

**Y**OUR Sage and Moralist can show  
 Many Misfortunes here below ;  
 A Truth which no one ever miss'd,  
 Tho' neither Sage nor Moralist :  
 Yet all the Troubles notwithstanding,  
 Which Fate or Fortune has a hand in,  
 Fools to themselves will more create,  
 In spite of Fortune and of Fate.  
 Thus oft are dreaming Wretches seen,  
 Tortur'd with Vapours, and with Spleen ;  
 Transform'd (at least in their own Eyes)  
 To Glafs, or China, or Goose-Pies.  
 Others will to themselves appear  
 Stone-dead, as *Will* the Conqueror ;  
 And all the World in vain might strive  
 To face them down that they're alive.  
 Unlucky Males with Child will groan,  
 And sorely dread their lying down ;  
 As fearing, that to ease their Pain,  
 May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlain*.  
 Imaginary Evils flow,  
 Merely from want of real Woe ;  
 And when prevailing Whimsies rise,  
 As monstrous wild Absurdities  
 Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute,  
 Found without *Bedlam*, as within it.  
 Which if you further would have shown,  
 And Leisure have to read — read on.

There liv'd a Gentleman, posselt  
 Of all that mortals reckon best :  
 A Seat well-chose in wholesome Air,  
 With Gardens and with Prospects fair :  
 His Land from Debt and Jointure free,  
 His Money never in South Sea ;

His

His Health of Body firm and good,  
 Tho' past the Hey-day in his-Blood:  
 His Confort fair, and good, and kind;  
 His Children rising to his Mind:  
 His Friends ingenious and sincere;  
 His Honour, nay his Conscience clear:  
 He wanted nought of human Blifs,  
 But Pow'r to taste his Happiness.

Too near, alas! this great Man's Hall  
 A merry Cobler had a Stall;  
 An arch old Wag as e'er you knew,  
 With Breeches red, and Jerkin blue:  
 Chearful at Working, as at Play,  
 He sung and whistled Life away:  
 When rising Morning glads the Sky,  
 Clear as the merry Lark, and high,  
 When Ev'ning Shades the Landskip veil,  
 Late warbling as the Nightingale.  
 Tho' Pence came slow, and Trade was ill,  
 Yet still he sung, and whistled still;  
 Tho' patch'd his Garb, and coarse his Fare,  
 He laugh'd, and cast away old Care.

The rich man view'd with Discontent,  
 His tatter'd Neighbour's Merriment;  
 With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see  
 A Beggar pleasanter than he:  
 And, by degrees, to hate began  
 Th' intolerable happy Man;  
 Who haunted him like any Sprite,  
 From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.

It chanc'd as once in Bed he lay,  
 When Dreams are true, at break of Day,  
 He heard the Cobler at his Sport,  
 Amidst his Music stopping short:  
 Whether his Morning Draught he took,  
 Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoke.  
 The 'Squire suspected, being shrew'd,  
 This Silence boded him no good;  
 And, 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,  
 A Machiavilian Plot he fear'd.

Strait Circumstances crowded plain  
 To vex and plague his jealous Brain :  
 Trembling in Panic Dread he lies,  
 With gaping Mouth and staring Eyes ;  
 And straining wistful both his Ears,  
 He soon persuades himself he hears  
 One skip and caper up the Stairs,  
 Sees the Door open quick, and knew  
 His dreaded Foe in Red and Blue,  
 Who, with a running Jump, he thought,  
 Leapt plumb directly down his Throat ;  
 Laden with Tackle of his Stall,  
 Last, Ends, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl :  
 No sooner down, than with a jerk  
 He fell to Musick, and to work.  
 If much he griev'd our Don before,  
 When but o' th' outside of his Door ;  
 How sorely must he now molest,  
 When got o' th' inside of his Breast !  
 The waking Dreamer groans and swells,  
 And Pangs imaginary feels ;  
 Catches, and Scraps of Tunes he hears,  
 For ever ringing in his Ears ;  
 Ill-favour'd smells his Nose displease,  
*Murdungus* strong, and rotten Cheese :  
 He feels him when he draws his Breath,  
 Or tugs the Leather with his Teeth,  
 Or beats the Sole, or else extends  
 His Arms to th' utmost of his Ends,  
 Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,  
 The Ribs of any Mortal Side.  
 Is there no Method then, to fly  
 This vile intestine Enemy ?  
 What can be done, in this Condition,  
 But sending instant for Physician ?  
 The Doctor, having heard the Case,  
 Burst into Laughter in his Face :  
 Told him he needs no more than rise,  
 Open his Windows, and his Eyes ;

Whistling and stitching there to see  
 The Cbler, as he us'd to be.  
 Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences  
 Shall ne'er persuade me from my Senses.  
 How shall I rise? the heavy Brute  
 Will hardly let me wag a Foot.  
 Tho' seeing for Belief may go,  
 Yet feeling is the Truth, you know:  
 I feel him in my Sides, I tell ye;  
 Had you a Cbler in your Belly,  
 You scarce would flee, as now you do:  
 I doubt your Guts would grumble too.  
 Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,  
 I'd kick you soundly, could I stir.  
 Thou Quack, that never hadst Degree  
 In either University:

Thou meer Licentiate, without Knowledge,  
 The Shame and Scandal of the College.  
 I'll call my Servants, if you stay;  
 So, Doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,  
 Of equal Skill, and greater Fame:  
 Who swore him mad as a *March Hare*  
 (For Doctors, when provok'd, will swear.)  
 To drive such Whimfies from his Pate,  
 He dragg'd him to the Window strait.  
 But jilting Fortune can devise  
 To baffle and outwit the Wife:  
 The Cbler, e'er expos'd to view,  
 Had just pull'd off his Jerkin blue;  
 Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,  
 To sit in *Fresco* in his Shirt.

Ah! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,  
 You know him not so well as I;  
 The Man who down my Throat is run,  
 Has got a true-blue Jerkin on.  
 In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,  
 Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore;  
 Told him he might believe as well,  
 The Giant of *Pantagruel*

Did

Did oft, as break his Fast or sup,  
 For poach'd Eggs swallow Windmills up;  
 Or that the *Holland* Dame could bear  
 A Child, for ev'ry Day i' th' Year.  
 The vapour'd Dotard, grave and fly,  
 Mistook for Truth each rapping Lie;  
 And drew Conclusions such as these,  
 Resistless, from the Premisses.

I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,  
 A Windmill's bigger than a Stall:  
 And since the Lady brought, alive,  
 Children Three hundred sixty five;  
 Why should you think there is not room  
 For one poor Cobler in my Womb?  
 Thus every thing his Friends could say  
 The more confirm'd him in his Way:  
 Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,  
 'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous State  
 Was grown, and almost desperate:  
 Yet still the Utmost bent to try,  
 Without more Help he would not die.  
 An old Physician sly and shrew'd,  
 With Management of Face endu'd,  
 Heard all his Tale; and ask'd with Care,  
 How long the Cobler had been there?  
 Noted distinctly what was said;  
 Lift up his Eyes, and shook his Head,  
 And grave accosts him on this Fashion,  
 After mature Deliberation,  
 With serious and important Face:  
 Sir, yours is an uncommon Case:  
 Tho' I've read *Galen's Latin* o'er,  
 I never met with it before;  
 Nor have I found the like Disease  
 In Stories of *Hippocrates*.

Then, after a convenient stay,  
 Sir, if Prescription you'll obey,  
 My Life for yours, I'll set you free  
 From this same two-leg'd Tympany.



'Tis true, you're gone beyond the Cure  
 Of fam'd Worm-powder of *John Moor*;  
 Besides, if downwards he be sent,  
 I fear he'll split your nether Vent:  
 But then your Throat, you know, is wide,  
 And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd;  
 The same way he got in, 'tis plain,  
 There's Room to fetch him out again:  
 I'll bring the forked Worm away,  
 Without a *Dysenteria*:

*Emeticks* strong will do the Feat,  
 If taken *Quantum sufficit*:  
 I'll see my self the proper Dose,  
 And then *Hypnoticks* to compose.

The Wretch, tho' languishing and weak,  
 Reviv'd already by the *Greek*.

Cries, What so learn'd a Man as you  
 Prescribes, dear Doctor, I shall do.

The Vomit speedily was got,  
 The Cobler sent for to the Spot,  
 And taught to manage the Deceit,  
 And not his Doublet to forget:

But first the Operator wife,  
 Over the Sight a Bandage ties:  
 For Vomits always strain the Eyes.  
 Courage! I'll make you disemboque,  
 Spite of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue;  
 I'll drench the Rascal, never fear,  
 And bring him up, or drown him there.  
 Warm Water down he makes him pour,  
 Till his stretch'd Guts could hold no more;  
 Which doubly swell'n, as you may think,  
 Both with the Cobler, and the Drink,  
 What they receiv'd against the Grain,  
 Soon paid with Interest back again.  
 Here come his Tools! he can't be long  
 Without his Hammer and his Thong.  
 The Cobler humour'd what was spoke,  
 And gravely carry'd on the Joke;

As he heard nam'd each single Matter,  
 He chuck'd it fouse into the Water;  
 And then, not to be seen as yet,  
 Behind the Door made his Retreat.  
 The sick Man now takes Breath a-while,  
 Strength to recruit for farther Toil.  
 Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,  
 The Tackle floating there espies;  
 Fully convinc'd within his Mind,  
 The Cobler could not stay behind;  
 Who to the Alehouse still would go,  
 Whene'er he wanted Work to do:  
 Nor could he like his present Place,  
 He ne'er lov'd Water in his Days.  
 At length he takes a second Bout,  
 Enough to turn him inside out;  
 With Vehemence so fore he strains,  
 As would have split another's Brains.  
 Ay! here the Cobler comes, I swear!  
 (And truth it was, for he was there.)  
 And, like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,  
 Kick'd, with his Foot, the Vomit down.  
 The Patient, now grown wond'rous light,  
 Whipp'd off the Napkin from his Sight;  
 Briskly lift up his Head, and knew  
 The Breeches, and the Jerkin's Hue:  
 And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,  
 As down the Stairs he ran his way,  
 He'd ne'er set Foot within his Door,  
 And jump down open Throats no more:  
 No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again  
 Run, like a Fox, down the Red Lane.

Our Patient thus, his Inmate gone,  
 Cur'd of the Crotchets in his Crown,  
 Joyful his Gratitude expresses,  
 With thousand Thanks, and hundred Pieces.  
 And thus, with much of Pains and Cost,  
 Regain'd the Health he never lost.

## M O R A L.

**T** Aught by long Miseries, we find  
 Repose is seated in the Mind;  
 And most Men soon or late have own'd,  
 'Tis there, or no where, to be found.  
 This real Wisdom timely knows,  
 Without Experience of the Woes;  
 Nor needs instructive Smart, to see,  
 That all on Earth is Vanity.  
 Loss, Disappointment, Passion, Strife,  
 What'er torments, or troubles Life,  
 Tho' groundless, grievous in its Stay,  
 'Twill shake our Tenements of Clay,  
 When past, as nothing we esteem;  
 And Pain, like Pleasure, is but Dream.

To Mr. D'Ursey, upon his incomparable Bal-  
 lads, call'd by him Lyrick Odes.

**T** Hou Cur, half French, half English Breed,  
 Thou Mongrel of Parnassus,  
 To think tall Lines, run up to Seed,  
 Should ever tamely pass us.

Thou write Pindaricks, and be damn'd!  
 Write Epigrams for Cutlers;  
 None with thy Lyricks can be sham'd  
 But Chamber-Maids and Butlers.

In t'other World expect dry Blows;  
 No Tears can wash thy Stains out;  
 Horace will pluck thee by the Nose,  
 And Pindar beat thy Brains out.



# BAUCIS and PHILEMON,

*Imitated, From the Eighth Book of OVID.*

**I**N antient times, as Story tells,  
The Saints would often leave their Cells,  
And strole about, but hide their Quality,  
To try good Peoples Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,  
As Authors of the Legend write;  
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,  
Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,  
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went  
To a small Village down in *Kent*;  
Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,  
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;  
Try'd every Tone might Pity win,  
But not a Soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,  
Treated at this ungodly Rate,  
Having thro' all the Village pass'd,  
To a small Cottage came at last;  
Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,  
Call'd, i' th' Neighbourhood, *Philemon*,  
Who kindly did the Saints invite  
In his poor Hut to pass the Night;  
And then the hospitable Sire,  
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire;  
While he from out of Chimney took,  
A Flich of Bacon off the Hook;  
And freely from the fattest side  
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:  
Then stept aside to fetch 'em Drink,  
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink;

And

And saw it fairly twice go round;  
 Yet (what is wonderful) they found  
 'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,  
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.  
 The good old Couple was amaz'd,  
 And often on each other gaz'd;  
 For both were frighted to the Heart,  
 And just began to cry — What art?  
 Then softly turn'd aside to view,  
 Whether the Lights were burning blue.  
 The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,  
 Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:  
 Good Folks, you need not be afraid,  
 We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said;  
 No Hurt shall come to You or Yours;  
 But, for that pack of churlish Boors,  
 Not fit to live on Christian Ground,  
 They and their Houses shall be drown'd:  
 Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,  
 And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,  
 The Roof began to mount aloft;  
 Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,  
 The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,  
 Became a Steeple, with a Spire.

The Kettle to the top was hoist,  
 And there stood fast'ned to a Joist;  
 But with the Upside down, to shew  
 Its Inclinations for below;  
 In vain; for a superior Force  
 Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,  
 Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell,  
 'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almost  
 Lost, by Disuse, the Art to Roast,  
 A sudden Alteration feels,  
 Increas'd by new intestine Wheels:  
 And, what exalts the Wonder more,  
 The Number made the Motion slow'r:

The Flyer, tho't had Leaden Feet,  
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see't;  
 But slacken'd by some secret Power,  
 Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.  
 The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,  
 Had never left each other's side;  
 The Chimney to a Steeple grown,  
 The Jack would not be left alone,  
 But up against the Steeple rear'd,  
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd:  
 And still its Love to Household Cares  
 By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,  
 Warning the Cook-maid, not to burn  
 That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The Groaning Chair began to crawl  
 Like an huge Snail along the Wall;  
 There stuck aloft, in publick View,  
 And with small Change a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers that in a row  
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,  
 To a less noble Substance chang'd,  
 Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,  
 Of *Joan of France*, and *Englisk Moll*,  
 Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,  
 The *Little Children in the Wood*:  
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,  
 Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;  
 And high in order plac'd, describe  
 The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique Mode,  
 Compact of Timber many a Load,  
 Such as our Ancestors did use,  
 Was Metamorphos'd into Pews;  
 Which still their antient Nature keep;  
 By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage by such Feats as these,  
 Grown to a Church by just Degrees,  
 The Hermits then desir'd their Host  
 To ask for what he fancy'd most:

*Philemon,*



*Philemon*, having paus'd a-while,  
 Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile ;  
 Then said, my House is grown so fine,  
 Methinks, I still would call it mine :  
 I'm Old, and fain would live at Ease,  
 Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels  
 His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels ;  
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
 About each Arm a Pudding-sleeve ;  
 His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,  
 And both assum'd a sable Hue ;  
 But being old, continued just  
 As Thread-bare, and as full of Dust.  
 His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*,  
 Cou'd smoak his Pipe, and read the News ;  
 Knew how to preach old Sermons next,  
 Vampt in the Preface and the Text ;  
 At Christnings well could act his Part,  
 And had the Service all by Heart ;  
 Wish'd Women might have Children fast,  
 And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last :  
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,  
 And stood up firm for *Right Divine* ;  
 Found his Head fill'd with many a System,  
 But Classic Authors — he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,  
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on :  
 Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen,  
 Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen :  
 Her Petticoat transform'd apace,  
 Became black Sattin, flounc'd with Lace.  
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,  
 'Twas *Madam* in her Grogram Gown.  
*Philemon* was in great Surprise,  
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,  
 Amaz'd to see her look so Prim,  
 And she admir'd as much at Him.

Thus, happy in their Change of Life,  
 Were several Years this Man and Wife,

When

When on a Day, which prov'd their last,  
 Discoursing on old Stories past,  
 They went by Chance amidst their Talk,  
 To the Church-yard to take a Walk;  
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out;  
 My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout:  
 Sprout! quoth the Man; What's this you tell us?  
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous:  
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;  
 And re'ly, Yours is budding too——  
 Nay,—— now I cannot stir my Foot:  
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

Description would but tire my Muse:  
 In short they both were turn'd to *Yews*.  
 Old Goodman *Dobson* of the Green,  
 Remembers he the Trees has seen;  
 He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,  
 And goes with Folks to shew the Sight:  
 On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Prayer,  
 He gathers all the Parish there;  
 Points out the Place of either *Yew*;  
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.  
 Till once, a Parson of our Town,  
 To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;  
 At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,  
 How much the other Tree was griev'd,  
 Grew Scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted:  
 So, the next Parson stub'd and burnt it.



## A SOLDIER and a SCHOLAR,

Or, a Lady's Judgment on those two Characters.

**T**Hus spoke to my Lady the Knight full of Care,  
 Let me have your Advice in a weighty Affair:  
 This *Hamilton's Bawn*, while it sticks on my Hand,  
 I lose by the House, what I get by the Land;  
 But how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,  
 For a *Barrack*, or *Malt-house*, we now must consider:  
 First, let me suppose, I make it a Malt-house,  
 Here, I have computed the Profit will fall t'us;  
 There's nine hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain;  
 I encrease it to Twelve; so three hundred remain;  
 A handsome Addition for Wine and good Chear,  
 Three Dishes a Day, and ten Hogsheads a Year:  
 With a dozen large Vessels my Vaults shall be stor'd;  
 No little scrub Joint shall e'er come on my Board;  
 And you and the Dean, no more shall combine,  
 To stint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine;  
 Nor shall I, for his Humours, permit you to purloin  
 A Stone and a half of good Beef from my Surloin.  
 If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant:  
 My Dear, I have ponder'd again, and again on't,  
 In Poundage and Drawback I lose half my Rent,  
 Whatever they give me, I must be content,  
 Or join with the Court in every Debate;  
 And rather than that, I would lose my Estate.

Thus ended the Knight: Thus began the meek Wife:  
 It must, and it shall be a Barrack, my Life:  
 I am grown a mere Mopus, no Company comes,  
 But a rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull *Rums*;  
 With Parsons, what Lady can keep herself clean?  
 I am all over dawb'd, when I sit by the † *Dean*.  
 But if you will give us a Barrack, my Dear,  
 The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here.

I then

† *Dean of St. Patrick's.*

I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw;  
 For the Captain, I'll warrant, will keep him in awe.  
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,  
 We'll tell him, that Chaplains should not be so pert;  
 That Men of his Coat should be minding their Prayers,  
 And not among Ladies to give themselves Airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;  
 The Knight his Opinion resolv'd to maintain.  
 But *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,  
 And could not endure so vulgar a Taste,  
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be drest,  
 Cry'd, Madam, why surely my Master's posselt;  
 Sir *Arthur* the Maltster! how fine it would sound!  
 I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under Ground:  
 But, Madam, I thought there would never come Good,  
 When I saw him so often with † *Darby* and *Wood*,  
 And now my Dream's out; for I was a-dream'd,  
 That I saw a huge Rat; O dear, how I scream'd!  
 And after, methought, I lost my new Shoes,  
 And *Molly*, she said, I should hear some ill News.  
 Dear Madam, had you but the Spirit to teaze,  
 You might have a Barrack whenever you please,  
 And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,  
 That for twenty Denials, you would not give out.  
 If I had a Husband like him, I protest,  
 Till he gave me my Will, I would give him no Rest,  
 And rather than come in the same pair of Sheets  
 With such a cross Man, I would lie in the Streets.  
 But, Madam, I beg you'll contrive, and invent,  
 And worry him out, till he gives his Consent.  
 Dear Madam, whene'er on a Barrack I think,  
 An' I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink,  
 (For if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,  
 I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain.)  
 I fancy already, a Barrack contriv'd  
 At *Hamilton's* Bawn, and the Troop is arriv'd:  
 Of this, to be sure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,  
 And waits on the Captain betimes in the Morning.

† Sir A— A—'s Receiver, and one of his Tenants.

Now

Now see when they meet, how their Honours behave—  
Noble Captian, your Servant—Sir *Arthur*, your Slave.

You Honour me much—The Honour is mine.

'Twas a sad rainy Night—But the Morning is fine.

Pray how does my Lady?—My Wife's at your Service.

I think I have seen her Picture at *Jervais*'.

Good morrow, good Captain—I'll wait on you down.

You shan't stir a Foot—You'll think me a Clown.

For all the World, Captain, not half an Inch farther—

You must be obey'd; your Servant, Sir *Arthur*.

My humble Respects to my Lady, unknown—

I hope you will use my House as your own.

—“ Go bring me my Smock, and leave off your Prate,

“ Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.

Pray, Madam, be quiet, what was it I said?

You had like to have put it quite out of my Head.

Next Day, to be sure, the Captain will come,

At the Head of his Troop, with his Trumpet and Drum:

Now, Madam, observe, how he marches in State,

The Man with the Kettle-drum enters the Gate,

Dub, dub, a dub, dub; the Trumpeters follow,

Tantara, Tantara, while all the Boys halloo.

See, now comes the Captain all dawb'd with Gold Lace:

O law! the sweet Gentleman, look in his Face!

And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,

And the fine Flaming-Sword, he holds in his Hand!

And his Horse, the dear *Creature*, it prances and rears,

With Ribbands in Knots, at his Tail and his Ears.

At last comes the Troop at the Word of Command,

Drawn up in our Court, till the Captain cries, Stand.

Your Ladyship lifts up the Sash to be seen,

(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a Queen;)

The Captain, to shew he is proud of the Favour,

Looks up to the Window, and cocks up his Beaver.

His Beaver is cock't, pray, Madam, mind that;

(For a Captain of Horse never takes off his Hat;

Because he has never a Hand that is idle,

For the Right holds the Sword, and the Left holds the Bridle.)

Then he flourishes thrice his Sword in the Air,

As a Compliment due to a Lady so fair:

(How

(How I tremble to think of the Blood it has spilt!)

Then he lowers the Point; then he kisses the Hilt.

Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:

“ Pray, Captain, be pleas’d to alight, and walk in.

The Captain salutes you, with Congee profound;

And your Ladyship Curtsies half-way to the Ground.

“ *Kit*, run for your Master, and bid him come to us;

“ I’m sure he’ll be proud of the Honour you do us:

“ And, Captain, you’ll do us the Favour to stay

“ And take a short Dinner here with us to-day;

“ You’re heartily welcome; but as for good Cheer,

“ You are come in the very worst Time of the Year.

“ Had I but expected so worthy a Guest——

Lord, Madam, your Ladyship sure is in Jest:

You banter me, Madam, the Kingdom must grant——

“ You Officers, Captain, are so complaisant.

“ Hift, Huffy, I think I hear somebody coming——

No, Madam, ’tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.

To shorten my Tale (for I hate a long Story.)

The Captain, at Dinner, appears in his Glory.

The \* Dean and the † Doctor have humbled their Pride;

For the Captain’s intreated to sit by your Side.

And because he’s their Betters, you carve for him first;

The Parsons, for Envy, are ready to burst.

The Servants amaz’d, are scarce ever able.

To keep off their Eyes as he sits at the Table.

And *Molly* and I have thrust in our Nose,

To peep at the Captain, in all his fine Cloaths.

Dear, Madam, ’be sure, he’s a fine spoken Man;

Do but hear, on the Clergy, how glib his Tongue ran.

And, Madam, said he, if such Dinners you give,

You’ll never want Parsons as long as you live;

I ne’er knew a Parson, without a good Nose;

But the Devil’s as welcome, where-ever he goes.

G——d—— me, they bid us reform and repent;

But, Z——ds, by their Looks, they never keep Lent.

Mr. Curate, for all your grave Looks, I’m afraid,

You cast a Sheep’s Eye on her Ladyship’s Maid:

\* *Dr. Swift.*

† *Dr. Jenny.*

I wish



I wish she would lend you her lilly-white Hand,  
 In mending your Gown, and smoothing your Band.  
 (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a Ninny,  
 That the Captain suppos'd he was Curate to *Jenny*.)  
 Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,  
 An hundred to one but it covers a Clown.  
 Observe how a Parson comes into a Room :  
 G——d—— me, he hobbles as bad as my Groom.  
 A Scholar, when just from the College broke loose,  
 Can hardly tell how to say *Bo* to a Goose.  
 Your *Novids*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omers*, and Stuff;  
 By G—, they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.  
 To give a young Gentleman right Education,  
 The Army's the very best School in the Nation.  
 My School-master call'd me a Dunce and a Fool;  
 But at Cuffs, I was always the Cock of the School.  
 I never could take to my Books for the Blood o'me;  
 And the Puppy confest, he expected no Good o'me.  
 Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,  
 But the sight of a Book makes me sick to this Day.  
 Never since I was born, did I hear so much Wit;  
 And, Madam, I laugh'd, till I thought I should split.  
 So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the Dean:  
 As who should say, "Now am I skinny and lean?  
 But he durst not so much as once open his Lips:  
 And the Doctor was plaguily down in the Hips.  
 Thus merciless *Hannah* run on in her Talk,  
 Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your Ladyship walk?  
 Her Ladyship answers — I'm just coming down.  
 Then turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a Frown,  
 (Altho' it was plain, in her Heart she was glad)  
 Cry'd, Hussy, why sure, the Wench is gone mad:  
 How could these Chimera's get into your Brains?  
 Come hither, and take this old Gown for your Pains.  
 But the Dean, if this Secret should get to his Ears,  
 Will never have done with his Jibes and his Jeers.  
 For your Life, not a Word of this Matter, I charge you;  
 Give me but a Barrack, a Fig for the Clergy.

MARY *the Cook-Maid's Letter to*  
Dr. SHERIDAN.

WELL; if ever I saw such another Man since my  
Mother bound my Head,  
You a Gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you  
were bred?  
I am sure such Words does not become a Man of your  
Cloth,  
I would not give such Language to a Dog, faith and  
troth.  
Yes; you call'd my Master a Knave: Fie, Mr. *Sheridan*,  
'tis a Shame  
For a Parson, who should know better things, to come  
out with such a Name.  
Knave in your Teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*! 'tis both a Shame  
and a Sin,  
And the Dean my Master is an honester Man than you  
and all your Kin:  
He has more Goodness in his little Finger, than you  
have in your whole Body,  
My Master is a parsonable Man, and not a spindle-shank'd  
hoddy doddy.  
And now whereby I find you would fain make an Ex-  
cuse,  
Because my Master one Day in anger call'd you Goose.  
Which, and I am sure I have been his Servant four  
Years since *October*,  
And he never call'd me worse than Sweet-heart, drunk  
or sober:  
Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to  
my knowledge,  
Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him out so late  
in your College.  
You say you will eat Grass on his Grave: a Christian  
eat Grass!  
Whereby you now confess your self to be a Goose or  
an Ass:

But

But that's as much as to say, that my Master should  
die before ye,

Well, well, that's as God pleases, and I don't believe  
that's a true Story,

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my  
Master; what care I?

And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to *Mary*.  
Every body knows, that I love to tell Truth and shame  
the Devil,

I am but a poor Servant, but I think Gentle folks  
should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our Vittels one Day that  
you was here,

I remember it was upon a *Tuesday*, of all Days in the  
Year.

And *Saunders* the Man says, you are always jesting and  
mocking,

*Mary*, said he (one Day, as I was mending my Master's  
Stocking)

My Master is so fond of that Minister that keeps the  
School;

I thought my Master a wise Man, but that Man makes  
him a Fool.

*Saunders* said I, I would rather than a Quart of Ale,  
He would come into our Kitchen, and I would pin a  
Dish-clout to his Tail.

And now I must go, and get *Saunders* to direct this  
Letter,

For I write but a sad Scrawl, but my Sister *Marget* she  
writes better.

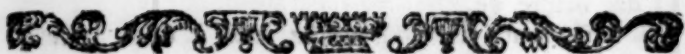
Well, but I must run and make the Bed before my  
Master comes from Pray'rs,

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming  
up Stairs:

Whereof I could say more to your Verses, if I could  
write written hand,

And so I remain in a civil way, your Servant to com-  
mand,

MARY.



*The MERRY MONARCH; or, Knight-  
hood a Jest. A Tale.*

**W**HEN good King *Jemmy* wore the *British Crown*,  
A pleasant *Jest* for brightest *Wit* went down :  
A *Pun*, a *Quibble*, a *Conundrum* quaint,  
Oft made a *Bishop* of a Man no *Saint*.  
Smart *Repartees* pass'd all for *Sterling Coin*,  
And *Wit* was then as unrefin'd as *Wine*,  
The *King* himself, so rest his merry Soul,  
Could crack his *Joke*—nor would his Mirth controul;  
But laugh'd full hearty, if the *Jest* were keen,  
Nor could the care of *Kingdoms* give Him Spleen.

Thus Story tells—As he rode out one Day,  
To chase the *Stag*, he lost, by Chance, his way :  
The *Courtiers* eager, scour the spacious Field,  
While Duty there did unto Pleasure yield.  
Alone King *Jemmy*, with his usual grace,  
Kept jogging onwards in a common Pace.  
Till near two *Clowns* he came, who workt full hard,  
Hedging a *Close*, behind a *Farmer's Yard*.  
They spy'd the *King*, and from his awkward Mien,  
Thought he some needy *Northern Laird* had been.  
*Good Men* (quoth he)—and then he made his Bow,  
*Ken ye which way the Nobles rode just now?*  
*My Business leads me unto our King James.*  
I know him not, in Troth (quoth one)—it seems  
He only minds his *Countrymen*, while we  
Labour thus hard to furnish out their *Glee*.  
Ride on (quoth t'other Man) you'll find him out,  
Surrounded by a gaudy *Scottish Rout* :  
Fear not thy Fortune, *Jemmy* loves a *Loon*,  
And thou'rt some starving *Knight* that wants a *Boon*.  
*Weel fare ye* (quoth the King) and o' my *Weard*,  
*Geud Character ye to year Prince affeard* :

*And*

*And Iſe wat wel, it au gangs to his Ear,*  
 Why then (quoth *Dick*) for once the Truth he'll hear.

So ſaying, to a Grove that Jay in fight,  
 On rode the *King*, and there thought fit to alight;  
 Out ſtretch'd his *Royal* Limbs upon the Place,  
 And ſlept full ſweetly on the verdant Graſs;  
 No Policies of *State* diſturb'd his Mind,  
 But the good *Prince* ſnoar'd loud as any *Hind*,  
 Until the Chace was o'er, a *Stag* was dead,  
 When Duty found a Place in *Courtier's* Head:  
 Nor had the noble *Train* long ſought their *Lord*,  
 E'er faſt they found him on the gay *Greensward*.  
 Haſty they all from reeking *Couriers* ſpring,  
 While with a Smile up roſe the jocund *King*.  
*My Lords* (quoth he) as ye rid yonder by,  
*Did ye not, bedging, twa old Carls eſpy,*  
*In Leather Doublets clad?—My Liege, we did,*  
 (Quoth one)—*See then* (ſaid he) *them hither lead*.  
 Strait they obey'd, and as they dragg'd each *Clown*,  
*Ads me* (quoth *Dick* to *Ralph*) *we're both undone*.  
*Yon Man we took for ſome poor begging Knight,*  
*Is the King's Grace.—Ods fiſh* (quoth *Ralph*) *you're right*.  
 We ſhall be hang'd.—What will become of *Sue*?  
 She'll pine to Death—*And ſo will Marg'ry too*.

Them at a diſtance when the Monarch ſpy'd,  
 He took the Whynyard from his martial ſide:  
 Behind him on the Ground its Point he ſtay'd,  
 As not much caring to ſurvey the Blade.  
 Low on their Knees the trembling Wretches crawl,  
 And ſweat with Fear their Heads ſhould lower fall.  
*Year Names?* (quoth *Jemmy* in an angry Tone)  
*Mine is poor Dick—Mine Ralph, a ſorry Clown*.  
*Weel* (quoth the *King*, and gave their Necks a Strap)  
*Sir Ralph, Sir Richard, ye may baith get up:*  
*Now Knights ye are, and o'my Soul, I ween,*  
*Twa peurer Knights in Scotland ne'er were ſeen*.  
 A loud Applauſe the fawning Crowd expreſt,  
 To ſee two *Titles* go to make one *Feſt*.



*The GOSSIPS TALE, under the Rose.*

TWO Gossips they merrily met,  
 At nine in the Morn before Noon,  
 And they were resolv'd for a Whet,  
 To keep their sweet Voices in Tune :  
 Away to the Tavern they went,  
 Quoth *Joan*, I do vow and protest,  
 That I have a Crown never spent,  
 Come, let's have a Cup of the best.

And I have another, perhaps,  
 A Piece of the very same sort ;  
 Why should we sit thrumming of Caps ?  
 Come, Drawer, and fill us a Quart ;  
 And let it be Liquor of Life,  
 Canary, that sparkling Wine ;  
 As I am a buxom young Wife,  
 I love to be gallant and fine.

The Drawer as blithe as a Bird,  
 Came skipping with Cap in his Hand,  
 Dear Ladies, I'll give you my Word,  
 The best shall be at your Command.  
 A Quart of Canary he drew,  
*Joan* fill'd up her Glafs, and begun,  
 Here's, Gossip, a Bumper to you.  
 I'll pledge thee, Girl, were't in a Tun.

And pray, Gossip, did you not hear  
 The common Report of the Town ?  
 A Man of Five hundred a Year  
 Is married to *Doll* of the *Crown* ;  
 A draggle-tail'd Slut, o' my Word,  
 Her Cloaths hanging ragged and foul.  
 In troth, he wou'd fain have a Bird,  
 That wou'd give a Groat for an Owl.

And



And she had a Sister last Year,  
 Whose Name they call Draggile-tail *Pegg*,  
 She'd take up a Straw with her Ear,  
 I'll warrant her right as my Leg:  
 A Brewer has got her with Child,  
 But e'en let 'em brew as they bake:  
 I know she was wanton and wild,  
 But I'll neither meddle nor make.

Nor I, Gossip *Joan*, by my Troth;  
 Tho' nevertheless, I've been told,  
 She stole seven Yards of Broad Cloth,  
 A Ring, and a Locket of Gold;  
 A Smock, and a new Pair of Shoes;  
 A flourishing Madam was she;  
 But *Margery* told me the News,  
 And it ne'er shall go farther for me.

I was at a Gossiping-Club,  
 Where we had a cherruping Cup  
 Of good humming Liquor, strong Bub,  
 Your Husband's Name there it was up:  
 For bearing a powerful Sway,  
 All Neighbours his Wonders have seen;  
 For he is a Cuckold, they say——  
 A Constable——Gossip, I mean.

Dear Gossip, a Slip o' the Tongue,  
 No harm may proceed from the Mind,  
 Chance-Words they will mingle among  
 Our others, we commonly find:  
 I hope, you won't take it amiss——  
 No, no, there is Folly in us;  
 And if we by stealth get a Kiss,  
 Our Husbands are never the worse.



*A True Tale of a young Squire.*

**A** Man of Wisdom may disguise  
 His Knowledge, and not seem too wise:  
 But, take it for a constant Rule,  
 There's no concealing of a Fool.  
 Of this the Instances are plenty;  
 But One may serve as well as Twenty.

A Worthy Knight, of great Estate,  
 Prov'd to be so unfortunate,  
 That, with great Cost and fruitless Care,  
 He rear'd a Blockhead to his Heir;  
 But, hoping it wou'd mend the Breed,  
 Should he some prudent Damsel wed,  
 He sent him out to court a Lady,  
 Whose Father he'd engag'd already.  
 But, first, he charg'd him on his Blessing,  
 To keep in Mind this easy Lesson.  
*Humphry*, says he, whate'er you do,  
 Take heed your Words be very few,  
 For you'll be counted wise, so long  
 As you have Wit to hold your Tongue.  
 Then never feed too greedily  
 On Custard, Pudding, or sweet Pye,  
 Lest your ungovern'd Appetite  
 Bring Shame and Sorrow in the Night.  
 But *John* shall go, and he'll advise ye,  
 And, let me tell you, *John's* no Nissey.  
 —Here, *John*, d'you mind, give *Numps* a Touch  
 Whene'er he Talks or Eats too much.  
 Be sure take heed he don't neglect  
 To pay th' old Gentry great Respect;  
 And all thy Services express  
 In handsome Terms, with good Address.

Instructed thus, they both took Horse,  
 And t'wards the Lady bent their Course.  
 Whilst *John* perform'd the Teacher's Part,  
*Numps* got his Compliments by Heart;

Which

Which he deliver'd in such guise,  
 They thought him tolerably wise :  
 He held his Tongue, this seem'd to be  
 A Token of his Modesty.

All pass'd on well, till Supper came :  
 Oh hateful Meal ! oh hateful Name !  
 Vile Author of poor *Humphry's* Shame !  
 From ev'ry Dish most nicely dress'd  
 Th'old Lady still supply'd her Guest ;  
 All with Astonishment beheld  
 His Plate oft empty, often fill'd.

He eat ; *John* pull'd, and pull'd again,  
 Thy Pulls, O *John*, were all in vain !  
 For when he'd cramm'd up to the Throat,  
 In came an Apple-pye to boot.

When Madam saw how fond an Eye  
 He cast upon the smoaking Pye,  
 She fill'd his Plate six Inches high.  
*John* gave his Elbow many a Twitch,  
 Thought he, our *John* may kiss my B——  
 'Tis Apple-pye, I'll eat my Fill,  
 Let Consequence be what it will.

Fatal Resolve ! I dread to tell  
 The Consequences which besel.  
 Let ~~fordie~~ Night-men tell the rest,  
 Who relish the unsav'ry Jest.

My dainty Muse wou'd fain have done :  
 But Truth commands, she must go on.  
 'Tis for Repentance now too late :  
 The Fish has gorg'd the slipp'ry Bait.

In the best Bed the 'Squire must lie,  
 And *John* in Truckle-Bed just by ;  
 Who slept, till bitter Voice and Groan  
 At Midnight cry'd, O help ! dear *John*,  
 Or else for ever I'm undone :  
 For Heaven's sake find some Excuse,  
 The dev'lish Apple-pye's broke loose ;  
 And as I've laid upon't, and roll'd it,  
 The Bed's scarce big enough to hold it.

*John*

*John* wak'd, and thus began to pray,  
 The Devil take all Fools, I say;  
 Why, choak ye, eat it up again,  
 And lick the Sheets and Bolster clean.  
 What can be done? — Here take my Shirt,  
 And I'll come wallow in the Dirt.  
 Do you get up as soon as light,  
 I'll lie, and try to set all right.

So said, so done; up got the 'Squire,  
 And *John* lay tumbling in the Mire.  
 He lay till two brisk Lasses come  
 To make the Bed, and clean the Room;  
 Soon in the Damask Bed, Friend *John*  
 Was spy'd half-bury'd in the Down.  
 What's here? quo' *Nell*, as I'm alive,  
 The Master rose soon after Five.  
 Here is his Man, a lazy Loon,  
 Intends to lie a-bed till Noon.

Quoth *John*, I've had a tedious Night,  
 That Truckle-bed has lam'd me quite.  
 I turn'd in here to take some Rest,  
 This is a comfortable Nest:

One Nap, dear Girls, is all I beg.  
 A Nap! — *Sue*, give him some cold Pig.  
 Come, come, says *John*, don't play the Fool;  
 I'm laxative, you'll make me pull,  
 And straining hard, will force a Stool.  
 They pull'd, *John* squeez'd, and gave a Grunt;  
 And out he leap'd — good faith, I've don't:  
 E'en thank your selves — Away ran *Nell*;  
 And *Sue*, half poison'd with the Smell.

This Story slept not, you may swear,  
 But quickly reach'd the Master's Ear,  
 His Worship, tickled with the Whim,  
 Cou'd not forbear at Dinner-time  
 To banter *John*; nor did he fail  
 To enlarge upon the curious Tale.  
 But, seeing *John* with Shame cast down  
 He frankly tipp'd him half a Crown.

*John*

*John* bow'd—Young Master sitting by,  
 Seeing the Prize with envious Eye,  
 Into *John's* Fob directly go,  
 Cry'd out aloud, why *John*, you know  
 The half Crown is by Right my due;  
 'Twas I be—t the Bed, not you.

Oh blunder, never to be mended!  
 This one wise Speech the Courtship ended.  
 Home trotted *John* in doleful Dumps,  
 And far behind sneak'd hopeful *Numps*.  
 And Madam, thus diverted by her 'Squire,  
 Found out a cleaner Lover to lie by her.

### *The P I G. A Tale.*

SOME Husbands, on a Winter Day,  
 Were met to laugh their Spleen away.  
 As Wine flows in, and Spirits rise,  
 They praise their Consorts to the Skies,  
 Obedient Wives are seldom known,  
 Yet all could answer for their own.  
 Each stump'd that he was sov'reign Lord,  
 Abroad, at Home, in Deed, and Word.  
 In short. as absolute their Reign, as  
 Grand Seigneur's over his Sultana's.  
 For Pride or Shame to be out-done,  
 All join'd in the Discourse, but one,  
 Who, vex'd so many Lies to hear,  
 Thus stops their arrogant Career.

'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say,  
 What! all so absolutely sway?  
 In *England*! where *Italians* wife  
 Have plac'd the Women's Paradise?  
 In *London*! where the Sex's Flower  
 Have of that *Eden* fix'd the Bower?  
 Fie! Men of Sense to be so vain;  
 You're not in *Turkey*, nor in *Spain*,  
 True *Britons* all; I'll lay my Life,  
 None here is Master of his Wife.

These

These Words the general Fury rouse;  
 And all the common Cause espouse.  
 Till one with Voice superior said,  
 (Whose Lungs were sounder than his Head)  
 I'll send my Footman instant home,  
 To bid his Mistress hither come;  
 And, if she flies not at my Call,  
 To own my Power before you all,  
 I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,  
 As *Sh—k*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there—replies th' Objector fly,  
 Prove first that Women never Lie;  
 Else, Words are Wind—to tell you true,  
 I credit neither them, nor you;  
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,  
 By what they *do*, not what they *say*.  
 I'll hold you severally that boast,  
 A Supper at the Loser's Cost,  
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try  
 A Trick I'll tell you by and by,  
 Send strait for every Wife quite round,  
 One Mother's Daughter is not found,  
 But what before her Husband's Face  
 Point Blank his Orders disobey.  
 To this they one and all consent,  
 The Wager's laid, the Summons went.

Mean while he this Instruction gives,  
 Pray only gravely tell your Wives,  
 Your Will and Pleasure is t'invite  
 These Friends to a boil'd Pig to night.  
 The commoner the Trick has been,  
 The greater Chance have you to win;  
 The Treat is mine, if they refuse;  
 But if they boil it, then I lose.  
 The first, to whom the Message came,  
 Was a well-born and haughty Dame;  
 A saucy independent She,  
 With jointure, and with Pin-money,  
 Secur'd by Marriage Deeds from Wants,  
 Without a separate Maintenance.



Her Loftiness disdain'd to hear,  
 Half thro' her Husband's Messenger,  
 But cut him short with—*how dare he*  
*'Mong Pot-Companions mention me?*  
*He knows his way (if sober) home,*  
*And if he wants me, let him come.*—

This Answer, hastily return'd,  
 Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd.  
 For each one thought his Wife on Trial,  
 Would brighter shine by this Denial.

The second was a Lady gay,  
 Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play,  
 To spark it in the Box or Ring,  
 And dance on Birth-nights for the King.  
 Whose Head was busy wont to be  
 With something else than Cookery.  
 She hearing of her Husband's Name,  
 Tho' much a Gentlewoman, came ;  
 When half inform'd of his Request,  
 A Dish, as he desir'd it, dress'd—  
 Quoth Madam, with a serious Face  
 (Without enquiring what it was)  
*You can't sure for an Answer look!*  
*Sir, do you take me for your Cook?*  
*But I must haste a Friend to set,*  
*Who stays my coming for her Tea.*  
 So said, that Minute out she flew.  
 What could the slighted Husband do?  
 His Wager lost, must needs appear ;  
 For none obey, that will not hear.

The next, for Housewifry renown'd,  
 A Woman notable was own'd,  
 Who hated Idleness and Airs,  
 And minded Family Affairs ;  
 Expert in every thing was she,  
 At Needle work, or Surgery :  
 Fam'd for her Liquors far and near,  
 From richest Cordials to small Beer :  
 To serve a Feast she understood,  
 In *English*, or in Foreign Mode ;

What e'er the wanton Taste could choose,  
 In Kickshaws, Sauces, or Ragoos:  
 She spar'd for neither Cost nor Pain,  
 Her welcome Guest to entertain.  
 Her Husband fair accosts her thus:  
 To Night these Friends will Sup with us.  
 She answer'd with a Smile, *My Dear,*  
*Your Friends are always welcome here.*

—But we desire a Pig, and pray,  
 You'll boil it—*Boil it! did you say?*  
*I hope you'll give me leave to know*  
*My Business better, Sir, than so:*  
*Why ne'er in any Book was yet*  
*Found such a whimsical Receipt.*  
*My Dressing none need be afraid of,*  
*But such a Dish was never heard of.*  
*I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,*  
*Let those who know no better, spoil it.*  
 —Her Husband cry'd, for all my Boast,  
 I own the Wager's fairly lost,  
 And other Wives, besides my Love,  
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove  
 As chargeable as this to me,  
 To shew their Pride in Housewifry.

Now the poor Wretch that next him sat,  
 Felt his own Heart go pit a pat:  
 For well he knew his Spouse's Way,  
 Her Spirit brook'd not to obey;  
 And never yet was in the Wrong—  
 He told her with a trembling Tongue,  
 Where, and on what his Friends would Feast,  
 And how the Dainty should be dress'd.  
 —*To night! quoth in a passion she.*  
*No, Sir, to Night it cannot be;*  
*And was it a boil'd Pig you said?*  
*You and your Friends sure are not Mad.*  
*The Kitchen is the proper Sphere,*  
*Where none but Females should appear,*  
*And Cooks their Orders, by your leave,*  
*Always from Mistresses receive.*

*Boil!*

*Boil it!—was ever such an Ass?  
 I pray what would you have for Sauce?  
 If any Servant in my Pay  
 Dare dress a Pig that silly way,  
 In spite of any Whim of yours,  
 I'll turn her quickly out of Doors.  
 For such a thing (nay never frown)  
 Where I am Mistress, sha'n't be done.  
 Each Woman wife her Husband rules,  
 Passive Obedience is for Fools.*

*This Case was quickly judg'd; behold!  
 A fair One of a softer Mold;  
 Good Humour sparkled in her Eye,  
 And unaffected Pleasantry:  
 So mild and sweet she enter'd in,  
 Her Spouse thought certainly to win:  
 (Pity, such Golden Hopes should fail!)  
 Soon as she heard th' appointed Tale:  
 My Dear, I know not, I protest,  
 Whether in earnest, or in jest,  
 So strange a Supper you demand;  
 However, I'll not disputing stand,  
 But do it freely as you bid it,  
 Prove but that Woman ever did it.  
 This Cause, by general Consent,  
 Was lost for want of Precedent.  
 Thus each deny'd a several way;  
 But all agreed to disobey.*

*One only Dame did yet remain,  
 Who downright honest was, and plain,  
 If now and then her Voice she tries,  
 'Tis not for Rule, but Exercise.  
 Unus'd her Lord's Commands to slight,  
 Yet sometimes Pleading for the Right.  
 She made her little Wisdom go,  
 Farther than wiser Women do.  
 Her Husband tells her, looking grave,  
 A roasting Pig I boil'd would have;  
 And to prevent all pro and con,  
 I must insist to have it done.*

Says she, *My Dearest, should your Wife,  
 Get a Nick-name to last for Life?  
 If you resolve to spoil it, do;  
 But then I hope you'll eat it too;  
 For, tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder Squabble,  
 I shall not, will not sit at Table*  
 She spoke, and her good Man alone,  
 Found he had neither lost nor won.  
 So fairly parted Stakes: the rest  
 Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jest,  
 "Would your Wife boil it? let us see."  
 Hold there, you did not lay with me.  
 You'll find, in spite of all you've boasted,  
 Your Pigs are fatted to be roasted.  
 The Wager's lost, no more contend;  
 But take this Counsel from a Friend.  
 Boast not your Empire, if you prize it;  
 For happiest he, who never tries it.  
 Wives unprovoked best obey,  
 And that you'll find the safest Way.  
 But if your dear ones take the Field,  
 Resolve at first to win or yield;  
 For Heaven no Medium ever gave,  
 Between a Sovereign and a Slave.

*The Oxonian's Trip to the Drawing-Room.*

**I**F true, as *Papists* hold, that there is giv'n  
 Thro' *Purgatory* a fire way to Heav'n,  
 Reach me *my passing Cup*, for I have been  
 Through a fierce fiery *Ordeal* for my Sin.  
 Without *Petition*, and without a *Fee*,  
 Nor wishing to be *seen* nor yet to *see*,  
 But just to *kill* an idle Hour in sport,  
 Careless of where I went—I went to Court:  
 When I had thrust (by whom I first was barr'd)  
 Through the fat fullen Yeomen of the Guard;  
 And at the *Outside* of the Circle stood,  
 Unknowing and unknown, in pensive Mood,

A thing

A thing more strange came tripping with a Smile,  
 More strange than all the Products of the Nile,  
 Than all Sir *Hans*' Antiquities more odd,  
 Than *Egypt*'s Mummy, or its Pagan God;  
 A supple Gentleman, yclep'd a Beau,  
 Half made of this, half of an Age ago;  
 Each Part of 's Dress, with which he seem'd elate,  
 Told by an *Anno Domini* its Date:  
 The frizzled *Toupee* moderniz'd, the Coat  
 Which at the Revolution turn'd about;  
 An Incoherence from the top to toe;  
 A *Monmouth* Beaver, and a red-heel'd Shoe:  
 This Form amphibious caught me by the Hand,  
 With, 'Sir, I'm your Servant to Command;  
 'Of Yorkshire, Sir? — No, Sir. — 'Of Cornwall then?  
 'I should be glad to serve my Countrymen.  
 'A Whig, I hope." Of Oxford, and no Party.  
 'I ne'er saw Soul more honest, or more hearty.  
 'I know, I know what Business drew you here:  
 'Well, Sir—I'll gain you good Sir Robert's Ear——  
 You're mighty kind, but quite mistake my Case:  
 I bring no Project, and I want no Place.  
 'Hub! an Amour, my Dear? — nay, let me die,  
 'I see Love basking in your am'rous Eye;  
 'If so——  
 'There's none can help you sooner, Sir, than I.  
 'Say, is it Lady Ann, or Lady Betty?  
 'You sigh—nay, now I'm sure, Sir, I have hit ye."  
 No, Sir, I'm a professed Woman-hater,  
 And, next to them, detest a Courtling Prater.  
 'Courtling! I now perceive, for all your Cunning,  
 'Which way the Bias of your Mind is running."  
 Loose me——" not now, my dearest Friend—I see  
 "You're no well wisber to the Ministry."  
 What mean you? — "nay, I like you outward show,  
 "'Tis my own maxim, Sir, for entres nous,  
 "I faith I hate 'em all as well as you."  
 Amaz'd why with such Impudence he pres'd,  
 Thus I, with Heart sincere, my 'Squire address'd:

" I dare

" I dare e'en here my Principles avow ;  
 " For he whose *Soul* is *just*, no Fear can know,  
 " 'Tis true, when *human Councils* err, I feel,  
 " Yet not in *Faction* shew my *Patriot Zeal* :  
 " But *Briton*, like still *Liberty* pursue ;  
 " True to my *King*, yet to my *Country* true.  
 " Calm I behold of *State* the wond'rous *Maze*,  
 " Nor *censure* blindly, nor yet blindly *Praise* :  
 " But *him* and *him* alone I dare commend,  
 " Who is to *Freedom* and her *Friends* a *Friend*.  
 " But *he* whose *Soul* to *Slav'ry* doth incline,  
 " Is Foe to all *Mankind*, and therefore *mine*."

Aghast my *Patriot* stood, with wonder fraught,  
 Like heedless *Calia* by his *Lordship* caught :  
 But soon recover'd from his Trance, he swore  
 No Tallies ever met so nice before :

As *Britons* both, he wou'd a *Secret* own. —  
 He wish'd, — as *Honesty* had pull'd him down —  
 I'd — lend — a *Brother Patriot* — half a *Crown*.  
 Gladly I bought him off, and left the Place,  
 For ev'ry *meaning* and *unmeaning* Face,  
 From frowning *Clody* to his simp'ring *Grace*.  
 Resolv'd to Banks of *Isis* to retire,  
 And there to tune to *Love* my feeble *Lyre* :  
 There pleas'd to follow *God* and *Nature's* Rules,  
 And *Grandeur* leave to *Madmen* and to *Fools*.







## THE ADDITIONAL POEMS.

*The World turns round. An Epigram.*

**B**ONOSUS, one Night at the *Rosé*, did engage  
In a learned Discourse with a Reverend Sage;  
The Dispute was, I think (if I have not forgot)  
If the World turn'd about on its Axis, or not;  
The old Sage said it did, with a loud *Affirmatur*,  
And *Eonosus* as loudly stood up for *Negatur*:  
They disputed so long, and drank Bumpers so fast,  
That they both were as drunk as Tinkers at last.  
The Drawer came up, with -- the Clock has struck One:  
*Bonosus* concluded it Time to be gone,  
Took his Hat from the Peg, bid the Doctor Good Night,  
And reeled towards Home without any Light.  
But mark the Effects of the Grape's noble Juice,  
How it can Philosophical Notions produce;  
As staggering he went, he fell flat on his Nose  
( Tho' he got little Hurt, yet he daub'd all his Cloths )  
Then gravely said he, when down on the Ground,  
The Doctor was right, for the World must turn round:  
And so rapid and swift is the Course of this Land,  
That I find it a difficult Matter to stand.

*The TOPER's Confession: Or, An  
Experiment try'd.*

**A** Merry young Blade of the Papal Belief,  
Who lov'd many good Things \_\_\_\_\_ but Wine  
was the chief;  
When by an old Dominic Fryar confest,  
Made him think, of all Sins, to be drunk was the best.

L

For

For often he told him of numberless Times,  
 He repeated this one, above all other Crimes.  
 The Priest for his Grace and Amendment strait pray'd,  
 Allotted him Penance, dispatch'd him, and said  
 (For this one of the Cloth, if my Story be true,  
 Had liv'd a chaste Life, as but few of them do)  
 What mighty Allurements in Drunkenness lie!  
 I swear I am tempted — nay, faith, I will try—  
 To resist every Sin I've done all that I cou'd,  
 And if now I shou'd err — why, I'm frail Flesh  
 and Blood :

Tho' as *olim* I ought to act holily, *nunc*  
 I'm resolv'd to give Way for this once, and get drunk.  
 The Father accordingly zealously goes  
 To a neighbouring Tavern, and fuddles his Nose ;  
 But, unus'd to hard Drinking, he found the next Day,  
 What ruffled his Senses, his Health took away.

But when well, and the Blade came again to Confession,  
 The chief of his Crimes was his former Transgression.  
 The Priest, whose good Memory still did retain  
 A Sense of the Pleasure, as well as the Pain,  
 Bid the Toper, for Penance, get fuddled again :  
 For, says he, if Mankind are all made of one Stuff,  
 To be drunk is a Punishment ample enough.

*The Weighty FRYAR ; or, A Cargo of  
 Sins thrown over-board.*

THE Weather was cloudy, the Billows ran high,  
 Whilst old *Boreas* rattled and storm'd in the Sky ;  
 The Vessel half shipwreck'd, the Crew full of Fears ;  
 Some cursing and swearing, and some at their Pray'rs.  
 Oh Heavens ! cries one, we are certainly lost, Sir ;  
 Then piously mumbled o'er his *Pater-noster*.  
 To the Rope, says another, ye pious old Knave you ;  
 For that is more likely than praying, to save you.

Oh !

Oh! what Vows there were made to each Saint and  
each Martyr!

If they'd save them that Time, they'd be good ever after.  
But their Saints are too fly to be cheated: they knew,  
That Vows made in Danger, but seldom are true:  
For a Sailor ten thousand will make in a Storm;  
But take Care, when on Land, not one to perform.  
A pious old Father, who then was on board,  
And heard how the Winds and the raging Seas roar'd,  
Cry'd out, Ah! ye Wicked-ones, quickly repent,  
This Tempest on you is for Punishment sent,  
For breaking those Vows you have oft made to Heav'n,  
And keeping from us what you ought to have given;  
Oh! how can you ever to prosper expect,  
If to pay to your Priest his Dues you neglect?  
How oft have you vow'd, when before in a Storm,  
If that Time you were sav'd, you'd be good, and reform;  
And promis'd your Pay as a Tribute to me,  
For praying to Heaven to calm the rough Sea?  
But remember, ye Vile-ones, ye're still in my Debt;  
For those Vows, when on Shore, ye took Care to forget.  
For these Crimes, Oh! I fear, ye can ne'er be forgiven;  
Since cheating of me is cheating of Heaven.

His Reprimand over, for every Transgression,  
He exhorts them sincerely, to come to Confession.  
The poor fright'ned Mariners, trembling with Fear,  
Pour their Sins thick and fast into *Domine's* Ear;  
Then with holy Water (a sacred Ablution)  
He sprinkles them over, and grants Absolution;  
Then fell on his Knees, and cry'd, Heavens, may't  
please ye,

Command now the Storms to be quiet and easy.  
But, alas! Heaven did not the Fryar regard; Sir;  
For still rag'd the Seas, and the Winds blew as hard, Sir.  
The Boatwain, as honest and merry a Fellow,  
As ever got drunk with a Cup of good Mellow  
(On whose Side the common old Proverb did lie, Sir,  
Who's born to be hang'd, ne'er drowning shall die, Sir.)

Thus roar'd out aloud, ' Friends, the Reason is plain  
 ' Why the Tempest does still in full Fury remain ;  
 ' What avails it that ev'ry one here hath confess'd,  
 ' Since our Crimes are on board still, and lodg'd in our  
     ' Prielt ?

' What think ye of tossing the old Fryar in,  
 ' And drowning of him, with every one's Sin ?'

Ay ! ay ! quoth the Crew, let *Domine* go,  
 Then surely the Winds wo'n't continue to blow.

The Crew thus agreeing, the old Fryar they seize,  
 And, *Jonas*-like, tois him, the Storm to appease.

Says the Boatswain, We now may expect milder Gales,  
 Look ! look ! with our Crimes, where old *Domine* sails.

—— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis*  
*Auri sacra fames* ——

**W**Hoever has a Cause dependant,  
 ( Let him be Plaintiff or Defendant )

Must ( tho' it is a curst Hardship )

Bribe ( who wou'd think it ? ) e'en his Lordship.

For Justice seldom can prevail,

A Purse of Guineas turns the Scale.

In vain his Right the Plaintiff pleads,

In vain produces Title-Deeds:

If the Defendant will disburse,

And sily tip my Lord a Purse ;

He, learn'd in Quibbles of the Law,

In Plaintiff's Title finds a Flaw :

*Right, Title, Equity* must fall,

The weighty Purse o'er-rules them all.

But lest you think I've got the Trick

Of scatt'ring Dirt where'twill not stick,

That I Lampoons and Libels make,

And scandalize for Scandal Sake :

You who suppose the Rev'rend Tribe

Of Judges scorn to take a Bribe,

Pray

Pray listen, and a Story hear,  
Will make what I've asserted clear.

Two neighb'ring Gentlemen of late,  
Fell out about a small Estate ;  
As it appears the Roll upon,  
One's Name was *Jones*, the other *John*.  
Each claim'd a Right as good as t'other,  
*Jones* by the Father, *John* the Mother ;  
Though it had been by all confest,  
That *Jones's* Title was the best :  
But *John* had got the Staff in Hand,  
Having Possession of the Land ;  
Possession wisely he foresaw,  
Wou'd be eleven Points in Law.

The Controversy soon grew high,  
In vain the Friends of either try  
To have the Matter arbitrated,  
And in a friendly Way debated ;  
That they shou'd be by them decided,  
Or that th' Estate should be divided.  
The Parson of the Parish too  
Did interpose, but 'twou'd not do ;  
Each, like two Mastiffs for a Bone,  
Insisted upon all or none.

Thus Terms of Arbitration failing,  
The Parson likewise not prevailing,  
Law must decide who's right, who's wrong ;  
And so to Law they go *ding-dong*.

*Jones* to a Lawyer put his Case,  
And tells him how the Matter was.  
The Lawyer (as all Lawyers do,  
When they have got a Cause in View )  
Tells him he's right, bids him go on,  
And get Ejectment serv'd on *John*.

If so, says *Jones*, why then with Speed,  
I authorize you to proceed :  
Don't hang me up too long, I pray ;  
So took his Leave, and went away.

The Lawyer having full Instruction,  
 With usual Fee, the Introduction  
 To every Cause (be it good or bad,  
 The Fee, Sir, always must be had )  
 Wrote to his Agent up in Town,  
 To send him an Ejectment down.

Th' Ejectment comes, is serv'd on *John*,  
 And all Things properly went on.  
 To tell, I hold it needless, Sir,  
 How oft Defendant did demur,  
 How many Tricks and Quirks he play'd  
 ( His Lawyer, tho' I shou'd have said )  
 For then my Tale wou'd quickly be  
 Long as a Bill in Chancery,  
 And make the Reader cry, L with you  
 Would bring your Tale and Cause to Issue.

Well — to the Point (without Digression,  
 And all Rhetorical Expression.)  
 We'll now suppose th' Assizes come;  
 Judge usher'd in with Beat of Drum,  
 By Sheriff's Officers surrounded,  
 Before his Coach the Trumpets sounded;  
 Whilst every-where the mobile Rout  
 Roar'd out an universal Shout.

So when of old from foreign War,  
 Some *Roman* Chief, in splendid Car,  
 Return'd victorious, all around  
 'Th' expanded Roar of Mob wou'd sound.

To make my Simile more fit,  
 ( For Similes shou'd always hit )  
 Such were the Shouts that fill'd the Air,  
 When the poor Fidler and the Bear,  
 Cudgell'd and beaten much, alas!  
 Was forc'd to yield to *Hudibras*.

But with your Similes have done,  
 Say you, and with your Tale go on.  
 The Raree-Show being past, the Riot  
 Made by the Mob was hush'd and quiet,

The



The Judge took Lodging—where d'ye think?  
 Where he cou'd get best Meat and Drink;  
 For every Rev'rend Judge, I'm sure,  
 Is like a Priest, an Epicure.

It seems, the Cause *Jones contra John*  
 Stood first in Paper to come on;  
*Jones* on the Cause considering nicely,  
 Came to a Resolution wisely,  
 A Present to my Lord to make  
 (Which Judges seldom fail to take)  
 And tho', by Right, th' Estate was his,  
 A Present cou'd not be amiss.

Thus fix'd, he to his Lordship goes;  
 When, after many cringing Bows,  
 Thus he begins: 'My Lord, you see  
 ' Your humblest Servant here in me;  
 ' I have an humble Suit to move,  
 ' And hope you will indulgent prove:  
 ' Observing, as through Town you pass'd,  
 ' Your Coach, my Lord, was not the best,  
 ' Seem'd to be old, and want Repair,  
 ' I've one will fit you to a Hair,  
 ' As good a one as Hands cou'd make it,  
 ' And hope you'll be so kind to take it.'

Be seated, Sir, the Judge replies,  
 A very honest Fellow this.  
 Speak on — 'Well then (*says Jones*) my Lord,  
 ' I have a Cause that will be heard  
 ' By you in Court to-morrow.' --- What,  
 Replies the Judge, wou'd you be at?  
 What! bribe a Judge! to me a Bribe!  
 No, Justice only is my Guide.  
 Says *Jones*, 'My Lord, you quite mistake it,  
 ' I as a Present only make it.'

Oh! quoth my Lord, if so you give it,  
 I as a Present may receive it;  
 All Judges look on Bribes as mean,  
 And, Heaven be prais'd, my Hands are clean;

Yet,

Yet, for your Kindness, honest Man,  
 I'll do you all the Good I can ;  
 Your Cause is right, I do believe,  
 And I'll for you a Verdict give.

*Jones*, well contented at the Heart, Sir,  
 Makes a low Bow, and then departs, Sir.

No sooner was the Plaintiff gone,  
 But in comes the Defendant *John*,  
 And, in petitioning Behaviour,  
 Humbly intreats his Lordship's Favour ;  
 And says, — ' As thro' the Town you rode,  
 ' I observ'd your Horses were not good ;  
 ' I've two fine *Flanders*-Mares at home,  
 ' Not better, Sir, in *Chriftendom* ;  
 ' For you, my Lord, this Year I've kept 'em,  
 ' And humbly beg you would accept 'em ;  
 ' But when in Court, my Lord, you see  
 ' Your lowest Slave, pray think of me.'

Well, quoth the Judge, since thus you offer  
 So kindly, I accept the Proffer.

Go home, and sleep content to-night,  
 The Cause is yours, your Cause is right.

The Tryal came next Morning on,  
 My Lord a Verdict gave for *John*.

*Jones* (and Reason too he had)

For losing of his Cause 'most mad,  
 Does to his Lordship's Lodging go,  
 And, without bowing, enters now :

' My Lord (says he) you've us'd me vilely,  
 ' Who wou'd depend on Judge so wily ?  
 ' When Right was on my Coach attendant,  
 ' To give a Verdict for Defendant.'

Hold, hold your Breath, his Lordship cries,  
 And thus in Manner sage replies :

'Twas not my Fault, as God shall save me,  
 Th' unruly Mares Defendant gave me  
 (In vain your Coach and Justice try'd, Sir)  
 Drew Coach and Justice to his Side, Sir.

Thus

Thus *Jones* (to Law a great Reproach!)  
Was stript of both Estate and Coach.



The CONVERT to TOBACCO.  
A TALE. - (From a MS.)

*Disce Tubo genitos haurire & reddere Fumos.*

HAIL, RALEIGH! Venerable Shade,  
Accept this Tribute humbly paid;  
Great Patron of the sailing Crew,  
Who gav'st us Weed to smoke and chew,  
Kindly accept these Honours due.  
To Thee we owe our Country's Wealth,  
And smirking Glee, and lusty Health.  
From Ashes white as driven Snow,  
Tobacco Clouds ('tis what we owe)  
In fragrant Wreaths ascend the Sky  
To Thee the Smoker's Deity.

Immortal Weed! all-healing Plant!  
Possessing Thee, we nothing want.  
Assistant Chief to Country Vicar,  
Next to his Concordance and Liquor;  
If Text obscure perplex his Brain,  
He scratches, thinks, but all in vain;  
Till lighted Pipe's prevailing Ray,  
Like *Phæbus*, drives the Fog away.

Concomitant of *Cambro-Briton*,  
(If I a Rhime for that cou'd hit on)  
Content with thee, he'll bare-foot trudge it,  
His Hose and Shoes fast bound in Budget;  
Bleak blow the Winds, thick fall the Snows,  
With thee he warms his dripping Nose,  
And scrubs, and puffs, and on he goes.

With

With Thee, dear Partner of his Ale,  
The Justice grave prolongs his Tale;  
And fast asleep does wisely prate us,  
Whilst sober Whiff fills each *Hiatus*.

With Thee --- but hark'e, says a Friend,  
*Tom*, will thy Preface never end?

We want the Tale you promis'd us.

The Tale, d'ye want? ---- then take it thus:

*Buxoma* was a Banker's Widow,  
Frolick and free as good Queen *Dido*;  
For now twelve Months were past and gone,  
Since Spouse lay cover'd with a Stone.  
At first, indeed, for Fashion-Sake,  
She must not rest asleep, or wake;  
The wretched'st Woman sure alive,  
The best of Husbands to survive.

O had she dy'd ( but 'twas too late ! )

To save her Dearee from his Fate.

Poor Ten *per Cent* ! his Hour was come,

E're he had half made up his Plumb.

You'd swear she'd learnt to mourn at School;

She sigh'd by Note, and wept by Rule. ---

The Neighbours saw't, and who but she

For Conjugal Sincerity !

But now the Farce was o'er, she saw

'Twas Time the Vizard to withdraw.

The Sable Weeds are thrown aside,

No more she wrung her Hands and cry'd;

But gay at all Assemblies shone,

And --- who was blest that lay alone?

The Charms of Forty Thousand Pound

Drew from each Quarter all around;

The Templer spruce, and formal Cit,

The Man of War, and Man of Wit.

The last indeed despair'd to win her,

Yet still pursu'd her for a Dinner:

For Madam's Gate, or she's bely'd,

Stood ever hospitably wide.

Good Beef and Mutton grac'd her Table,  
 And who eat most she judg'd most able.  
 The Cloth remov'd, the Board was spread  
 With Choice of Wine, both White and Red;  
 Pipes and Tobaceo next appear,  
 And Tapers bright bring up the Rear.  
 Now by the by, Sir, you must know,  
 Our Widow whilom made a Vow,  
 Tho' Age and Ugliness o'ertook her,  
 Never to wed with filthy Smoaker:  
 And therefore slyly laid a Plot  
 To try who smoak'd, and who did not.

Unhappy State of Human-Kind!  
 To future Evils ever blind!  
 The gilded Pill we rashly swallow,  
 Nor heed what Bitterness may follow.  
 This to make out and eke my Tale,  
 Our Lovers smoak'd it one and all,  
 Unthinking of th' impending Doom,  
 And spicy Whiffs perfum'd the Room:  
 When strait the Widow, *sans* Excuse,  
 Their Offers bluntly did refuse.

Thus had she pack'd off Lovers plenty,  
 Some say a Dozen, others Twenty;  
 And now began to fear, I trow,  
 Lest she were hamper'd in her Vow,  
 When lo! a Swain of *Irish* Race,  
 With Back of Steel, and Front of Brass,  
 Resolv'd *Buxom's* to assail,  
 And wisely, that he might not fail,  
 Struck in with Mrs. *Abigail*.  
 Now *Abigails*, the Learned say,  
 To Ladies Hearts can pave the Way;  
 The Jade unable to resist,  
 Five Pieces clapt in Lilly Fist,  
 Betray'd (a Mercenary Whore!)  
 The Vow I told you of before,  
 And *Mac* succeeds in his Amour.

He

He wou'd not smoke, to save his Life;  
 Prais'd the good Taste of *Paulo's* Wife;  
 'Tobacco, Fogh! he cou'd not bear it,  
 'Filthy Concomitant of Claret.'

Our Widow chuckled here, to find  
 At last a Lover to her Mind;  
 And strait an honest Parson got  
 To tie the Matrimonial Knot.  
 Here, to be short, the Wedding-Day  
 Was eat, and drank, and danc'd away;  
 The wishing Guests the Stocking threw,  
 Jested a while, and then withdrew.  
 When loud the Groom began to roar,  
 And bang his Slipper 'gainst the Floor,  
 ----- 'Here bring a Pipe ----- A Pipe! she cry'd.  
 'Nay, do not fret, good angry Bride,  
 'For I must smoak, or else ----- my Dear,  
 (Then whisper'd something in her Ear)  
 ' 'Tis true, by Heav'n! My former Spouse  
 'Lov'd to see Pipes come into th' House.'  
 With wistful Eye poor Madam view'd  
 Her dear Deceiver, thought him rude;  
 Yet silent lay, in sad Suspense,  
 Waiting the happy Consequence.  
 Which Authors say she did not miss;  
 The Pipe was out, an eager Kiss  
 Preluded to th' ensuing Bliss. }  
 He smoak'd a second and a third,  
 Nay, and a fourth too, 'tis averr'd;  
 And still the well experienc'd Dame  
 Found the yet wish'd Effect the same.  
 Some have affirm'd, he was so stout  
 To take a fifth e're he gave out.  
 What! yet again? the Devil's in thee,  
 Nat, Fetch the Pound of *Sly's Virginia*,  
 All the new Pipes, and a fresh Light,  
 Your Master says he'll smoak all Night.



*The HERMIT, or Father Philip's Geese.  
A BALLAD; To the Tune of  
As Thomas and Harry, one Midsummer-Day.*

*How irresistless are the Darts of Love!  
How piercing Female Charms! When Mahomet  
Had long been hamm'ring, in his lonely Cell,  
Some dull insipid tedious Paradise,  
A brisk Arabian Girl came tripping by;  
Passing, at him she cast a sidelong Glance,  
And look'd behind in Hopes to be pursu'd;  
He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair,  
And, having sound his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.*

DRYDEN.

**Y**oung *Anna* and *Philip*, a kind loving Pair,  
Brisk, airy, and pleasant, and affable were;  
Young *Anna* was brighter than *Sol's* piercing Ray,  
And sweeter her Breath than the Breezes in *May*:  
And *Philip* was jolly, proportion'd each Limb,  
He liv'd but in her, and she liv'd but in him.  
But alas! as no Pleasure is permanent here,  
She brought forth a Son, and was snatch'd from her Dear;

Poor *Philip* bewail'd his sad wretched State,  
The Loss of his Nymph, and now curses his Fate:  
The Boy from the World determines to take,  
And live like two Hermits for poor *Anna's* Sake:  
All Women seem'd odious, since *Anna* was dead,  
And the World but a Forest, or dismal wild Glade,  
Where Rapine, and Perj'ry, and Interest reign'd,  
And Honour and Justice were greatly disdain'd.

He goes to a Wood, where no human Track  
Could be seen on the Ground, with the Boy on his Back,  
M And

And there he hides from him a hundred odd Things,  
 As Luxury, Pride, Self-Love, Pomp of Kings ;  
 Of Passions, and Darts, and *Cupid*, and Fires ;  
 Nor mention'd a Woman, nor aught of Desires.  
 To the Growth of his Years, apt Rules did enroll,  
 Which always were tending to Good of his Soul.

The Youth being now at least five Years old,  
 Father *Philip* to him the Birds and Beasts told ;  
 The Name of the Plants, the Fruits, and the Flowers,  
 Their Uses and Virtues, their Beauties and Powers ;  
 And amidst these Discourses which Boys pleasant call,  
 He mingled the Threats of Chimeras, and all  
 That of Death and the De'il, Damnation and Hell,  
 Which are the first Lessons to Children we tell.

But now ten Years passed, his Conduct he moulds,  
 And of an Hereafter the Riddle unfolds ;  
 Yet nought of fair Woman he ever brought in,  
 As if such fine Creatures there never had been.  
 The Stars he described, the Moon, and the Sun,  
 And how in their Orbs they gradually run ;  
 He mention'd the Author of Earth, Sea, and Air,  
 But nothing of Woman wou'd *Philip* declare.

But at length well stricken in Years being grown,  
 And scarce able to trudge to the neighbouring Town,  
 Well knowing that Nature must one Day decline,  
 And submit to all-conqu'ring Death's meagre Shrine ;  
 But how soon it might be his Fate, did not know ;  
 Alas ! what shou'd then his poor tender Son do !  
 For Wolves have no Pity, nor feel pious Qualms,  
 And Lions and Tigers ne'er knew to give Alms.

Therefore *Philip* thought it wou'd be the best Way  
 His Son to the Village to carry one Day ;  
 That when he departed this sad hated Life,  
 So full of all Ills, since the Loss of his Wife,  
 That the Youth for himself might be able to shift,  
 And on the World's Mercy not be run adrift :

For

For poor is the Mortal who trusts on the same,  
He must live without Comfort, and die without Fame.

But e're he wou'd venture on this hated Strain,  
The Youth first his twentieth Year did attain ;  
That come, to the Town the Boy led by his Sire  
Thro' Boggs, and thro' Lanes of Dirt and of Mire ;  
He stares all around, and not one Thing he knew,  
But alas ! is amaz'd such Wonders to view ;  
Enquires what's that, what's t'other, and this,  
And the Father strait tells him whatever it is.

But *Phillis* approaching in a Purple gay Vest,  
He ask'd, Pray what's that, Sir, so charmingly drest ?  
'Tis a *Goose*, reply'd *Philip* ; pray Son hold your Peace.  
Her Skin's more like Down of Swans than of Geese ;  
'Tis a delicate Fowl ! (full of Joy, cries the Youth)  
Let us carry one home our Sorrows to sooth ;  
I warrant it sings well : ---- a Brood let us raise ;  
In the Wood where we live they may all of 'em graze.

## CUPID turn'd THIEF. A TALE.

*In Imitation of the 20th Idyllion of  
THEOCRITUS.*

CUPID the errant'st *Knave* alive,  
Stole from *Mamma* to rob a *Hive*,  
As soon as he his Prize had took,  
With merry Laugh his Sides he shook ;  
The Honey-Comb in frolick Vein  
He suck'd — then laugh'd — then suck'd again —  
— But Pleasure oft is mix'd with Woe,  
And Grief will after Bliss flow.  
A Bee enrag'd, the Thief to brand,  
Fix'd his keen Sting upon his Hand ;  
Strait he began to stamp and roar —  
— His Finger throb'd — he stamp'd the more,  
And like a little Trooper swore.

M 2

When

When he found nothing cou'd assuage  
 The Torture of its burning Rage ;  
 All-swell'd his Eyes, all-smear'd his Cheeks,  
 With Tears which trickled down in Streaks ;  
 Blubb'ring he to his *Mamma* run,  
 Cry'd --- *Mam* --- *Mamma* -- you've lost your Son :  
 Held his swell'd Finger up to move her,  
 And sobbing told his Story over :  
 But 'midst his Sobblings wou'd complain,  
 That such a Thing, so small, so vain,  
 Shou'd have the Pow'r to give such Pain. }

*Venus* soft smiling at his Tale,  
 His Finger bus'd, and all was well :  
 Then added : ' You, Sir — you yourself  
 ' Are like that Bee, a tiny Elf,  
 ' A little busy flut'ring Thing,  
 ' Unhap'ly arm'd with pointed Sting ;  
 ' And tho' you such an Urchin are,  
 ' Can give a Wound which none can bear.



*To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland.*

The humble Petition of *Frances Harris*,  
 Who must Starve, and Die a Maid, if it miscarries,

*Humbly sheweth,*

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady *Betty's*  
 Chamber, because I was cold,  
 And I had in a Purse, seven Pound, four Shillings and  
 six Pence, besides Farthings, in Money and Gold ;  
 So because I had been buying Things for my Lady last  
 Night,  
 I was resolved to tell my Money, to see if it was right :  
 Now.

Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very  
 bad Lock,  
 Therefore all the Money, I have, which, *God* knows,  
 is a very small Stock,  
 I keep in a Pocket ty'd about my Middle, next my  
 Smock.

So when I went to put up my Purse, as *God* would  
 have it, my Smock was unript,  
 And, instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it slipt:  
 Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lad*  
 to Bed,  
 And, *God* knows, I thought my Money was as safe as  
 my Maidenhead.

So when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel very  
 light,  
 But when I search'd, and miss'd my Purse, *Lord!* I  
 thought I should have sunk outright:

*Lord! Madam*, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed, says I,  
 never worse:

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my  
 Purse?

*Lord* help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this  
 Place!

Nay, said I, I had it in Lady *Betty's* Chamber, that's a  
 plain Case.

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm;  
 However, she stole away my Garters, that I might do  
 myself no Harm:

So I tumbl'd and toss'd all Night, as you may very  
 well think,

But hardly ever set my Eyes together, or slept a Wink.

So I was a dream'd, methought, that we went and  
 search'd the Folks round,

And in a Corner of Mrs. *Dukes's* Box, ty'd in a Rag,  
 the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a swearing;  
'Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and she (you know) is  
thick of hearing;

*Dame*, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know  
what a Loss I have had?

Nay, said she, my Lord \* *Collway's* Folks are all very  
sad,

For my Lord † *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without fail.  
Pugh! said I, but that's not the Business that I ail.

Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this Five and  
Twenty Years, come Spring,

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such a  
Thing.

Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember when I was at my  
Lady *Shrewsbury's*,

Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the Time of  
*Goosberries*.

So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full  
of Grief;

(Now you must know, of all Things in the World, I  
hate a Thief.)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse silly about,  
*Mrs. Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd  
out;

'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a Louse;  
But the Thing I stand upon, is the Credit of the House;

'Tis true, seven Pound, four Shillings, and six Pence,  
makes a great Hole in my Wages,

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these  
Ages.

Now, *Mrs. Dukes*, you know, and every-body under-  
stands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go without  
Hands.

\* *Gallway*.

† *Drogheda*.

The



The *Devil* take me, said she, (blessing herself) if I ever-saw't!

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her all to Naught;

So you know, what could I say to her any more?  
I e'en left her, and came away as wife as I was before.

Well: But then they would have had me gone to the Cunning Man;

No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be here anon.

So the *Chaplain* came in; now the Servants say, he is my Sweetheart,

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always take his Part;

So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

*Parson*, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a Body's plunder'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*, like the *Devil*.)

Truly, says he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to be more civil.

If your Money be gone, as a Learned *Divine* says, d'ye see,

You are no *Text* for my handling, so take that from me:

I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.

*Lord*, said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought you so;

You know, I honour the Cloth, I design to be a *Parson's* Wife,

I never took one in *Your Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all my Life.

With

With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope, as  
who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went  
away.

Well; I thought I should have swoon'd; Lord, said I,  
what shall I do?

I have lost my Money, and shall lose my True Love too.

Then my Lord call'd me; Harry, said my Lord, don't  
cry,

I'll give Something towards thy Loss; and says my Lady,  
So will I.

Oh but, said I, what if after all my Chaplain won't  
come to?

For that, he said, (an't please Your Excellencies) I must  
petition You.

The Premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire Your Excel-  
lencies Protection,

And that I may have a Share in next Sunday's Collec-  
tion :

And over and above, that I may have your Excellencies  
Letter,

With an Order for the Chaplain aforesaid; or instead of  
him, a Better :

And then your poor Petitioner, both Night and Day,  
Or the Chaplain, (for 'tis his Trade) as in Duty bound,  
shall ever Pray.

PROTO-



PROTOGENES and APELLES.

**W**HEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,  
 As Nature pointed out the View:  
 E'er *Gothick* Forms were known in *Greece*,  
 To spoil the well-proportion'd Piece:  
 And in our Verse e'er Monkish Rhimes  
 Had jangl'd their fantastic Chimes:  
 E'er on the flow'ry Lands of *Rhodes*  
 Those Knights had fix'd their dull Abodes,  
 Who knew not much to paint or write,  
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:  
*Protogenes*, Historians note,  
 Liv'd there, a Burgess Scot and Lot;  
 And, as old *Pliny's* Writings show,  
*Apelles* did the same at *Co*.  
 Agreed these Points of Time and Place,  
 Proceed we in the present Case.  
 Picqu'd by *Protogenes's* Fame,  
 From *Co* to *Rhodes*, *Apelles* came;  
 To see a Rival and a Friend,  
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend,  
 Here to absolve, and there object,  
 As Art with Candor might direct.  
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings:  
 His Servants follow with the Things:  
 Appears the Governante of th' House:  
 For such in *Greece* were much in Use:  
 If young or handsome, yea or no,  
 Concerns not me or thee to know.  
 Does 'Squire *Protogenes* live here?  
 Yes, Sir, says she with gracious Air,  
 And Curt'sey low; but just call'd out  
 By Lords peculiarly devout:

Who

Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow  
 Our *Venus* for the Feast to-morrow,  
 To grace the Church : 'tis *Venus* Day :  
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,  
 To see our *Venus* : 'tis the Piece  
 The most renown'd throughout all *Greece*,  
 So like th' Original, they say :  
 But I have no great Skill that Way.  
 But, Sir, at fix ('tis now past three)  
*Dromo* must make my Master's Tea :  
 At fix, Sir, if you please to come,  
 You'll find my Master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a Critic big with Laughter,  
 Was found some twenty Ages after :  
 Authors, before they write, shou'd read.  
 'Tis very true ; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present wou'd you please  
 To leave your Name ——— Fair Maiden, yes :  
 Reach me that Board. No sooner spoke  
 But done. With one judicious Stroke,  
 On the plain Ground *Apelles* drew  
 A Circle regularly true :  
 And will you please, Sweetheart, said he,  
 To shew your Master this from me ?  
 By it he presently will know,  
 How Painters write their Names at Co.

He gave the Pannel to the Maid.  
 Smiling and curt'ing, Sir, she said,  
 I shall not fail to tell my Master :  
 And, Sir, for fear of all Disaster,  
 I'll keep it my own Self : Safe bind,  
 Says the old Proverb, and Safe find.  
 So, Sir, as sure as Key or Lock ———  
 Your Servant, Sir ——— at fix a Clock.

Again at fix *Apelles* came ;  
 Found the same prating civil Dame.  
 Sir, that my Master has been here,  
 Will by the Board itself appear.

If from the perfect Line he found,  
 He has presum'd to swell the Round,  
 Or Colours on the Draught to lay;  
 'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)  
 Thus write the Painters of this Isle:  
 Let those of *Co* remark the Style.

She said; and to his Hand restor'd  
 The Rival Pledge, the missive Board.  
 Upon the happy Line were laid  
 Such obvious Light, and easy Shade;  
 That *Paris'* Apple stood confest,  
 Or *Leda's* Egg, or *Clœ's* Breast.

*Apelles* view'd the finish'd Piece;  
 And live, said he, the Arts of *Greece*!  
 Howe'er *Protogenes* and I  
 May in our Rival Talents vie;  
 Howe'er our Works may have express'd,  
 Who truest drew, or colour'd best;  
 When he beheld my flowing Line;  
 He found at least I cou'd design:  
 And from his artful Round, I grant,  
 That he with perfect Skill can paint.

The dullest *Genius* cannot fail  
 To find the Moral of my Tale;  
 That the distinguish'd Part of Men,  
 With Compass, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,  
 Shou'd in Life's Visit leave their Name,  
 In Characters, which may proclaim,  
 That they with Ardor strove to raise  
 At once their Art's, and Country's Praise;  
 And in their Working took great Care,  
 That all was Full, and Round, and Fair.

## An E P I T A P H.

*Stet quicunque volet potens aulæ culmine lubrica, &c.*  
 Sen.

**I**Nterr'd beneath this Marble Stone,  
 Lie saunt'ring *Jack*, and idle *Joan*.  
 While rolling threescore Years and one  
 Did round this Globe their Courses run;  
 If human Things went ill or well;  
 If changing Empires rose or fell;  
 The Morning past the Evening came,  
 And found this Couple still the same.  
 They walk'd and eat, good Folks: what then?  
 Why then they walk'd and eat again:  
 They soundly slept the Night away:  
 They did just nothing all the Day:  
 And having bury'd Children four,  
 Wou'd not take Pains to try for more.  
 Nor Sister either had, nor Brother;  
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.  
 Their Moral and Oeconomy  
 Most perfectly they made agree:  
 Each Virtue kept its proper Bound,  
 Nor trespass'd on the other's Ground.  
 Nor Fame nor Censure they regarded:  
 They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.  
 He car'd not what the Footmen did:  
 Her Maids she neither prais'd, nor chid:  
 So ev'ry Servant took his Course;  
 And bad at first, they all grew worse.  
 Slothful Disorder fill'd his Stable;  
 And fluttish Plenty deck'd her Table.  
 Their Beer was strong, their Wine was *Port*;  
 Their Meal was large, their Grace was short.  
 They gave the Poor the Remnant-Meat,  
 Just when 'it grew not fit to eat.

They



They paid the Church and Parish-Rate;  
 And took, but read not the Receipt :  
 For which they claim'd their *Sunday's* Due,  
 Of slumb'ring in an Upper-Pew.

No Man's Defects sought they to know ;  
 So never made themselves a Foe.  
 No Man's good Deeds did they commend ;  
 So never rais'd themselves a Friend.  
 Nor cherish'd they Relations poor,  
 That might decrease their present Store :  
 Nor Barn nor House did they repair,  
 That might oblige their future Heir.

They neither added, nor confounded :  
 They neither wanted, nor abounded.  
 Each *Christmas* they Accompts did clear ;  
 And wound their Bottom round the Year.  
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did they employ  
 At News of Publick Grief or Joy.  
 When Bells were rung, and Bonfires made ;  
 If ask'd they ne'er deny'd their Aid :  
 Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd ;  
 Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.  
 Their Billet at the Fire was found ;  
 Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise ;  
 They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise :  
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,  
 They led — a Kind of — as it were :  
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd :  
 And so they liv'd ; and so they dy'd.



*The Last Will of Mr. Matthew A-----y,  
late Bed-maker and Sweeper at Cambridge  
in New England.*

**T**O my dear Wife,  
My Joy and Life,  
I freely now do give her  
My whole Estate,  
With all my Plate,  
Being just about to leave her.

A Tub of Soap,  
A long Cart-Rope,  
A frying Pan and Kettle,  
An ashen Pail,  
A threshing Flail,  
An iron Wedge and Beetle,

Two painted Chairs,  
Nine Warden Pears,  
A large old dripping Platter ;  
The Bed of Hay,  
On which I lay,  
An old Sauce-pan for Butter.

A little Mug,  
A two-quart Jug,  
A Bottle full of Brandy ;  
A looking Glass  
To see your Face,  
You'll find it very handy.

A Musket true,  
As ever flew,  
A Pound of Shot and Wallet,

A leather Sash,  
My Calabash,  
My powder Horn and Bullet.

An old sword Blade,  
A garden Spade,  
A Hoe, a Rake, a Ladder,  
A wooden Can,  
A close-stool Pan  
A Clyster-pipe and Bladder.

A greasy Hat,  
My old ram Cat,  
A Yard and half of Linnen,  
A Pot of Grease,  
A wollen Fleece,  
In order for your spinning.

A small-tooth Comb,  
An ashen Broom,  
A Candlestick and Hatchet,  
A Coverlid  
Strip'd down with Red,  
A Bag of Rags to patch it.

A ragged Mat,  
A Tub of Fat,  
A Book put out by Bunyan,  
Another Book  
By Robin Rook,  
A Skain or two spun Yarn.

An old black Muff,  
Some Garden-stuff,  
A Quantity of Burrage,  
Some Devil's Weed,  
And Burdock Seed,  
To season well your Porridge.

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A chaffing Dish,  
With one salt Fish,  
If I am not mistaken ;  
A Leg of Pork,  
A broken Fork,  
And half a Flitch of Bacon.

A spinning Wheel;  
One Peck of Meal.  
A Knife without a Handle ;  
A rusty Lamp,  
Two Quarts of Samp.  
And half a tallow Candle.

My Pouch and Pipes  
Two oxen Tripes  
An oaken Dish well carved ;  
My little Dog,  
And spotted Hog,  
With two young Pigs just starved.

This is my Store,  
I have no more,  
I heartily do give it;  
My Years are run,  
My Days are done,  
And so I think to leave it.



CUPID

## CUPID and GANYMEDE.

**I**N Heav'n one Holiday, you read  
 In wife *Anacreon*, GANYMEDE  
 Drew heedless CUPID in to throw  
 A Main, to pass an Hour, or so.  
 The little *Trojan*, by the way,  
 By HERMES taught, play'd All the Play.  
 The God unhappily engag'd,  
 By Nature rash, by Play enrag'd,  
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;  
 Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted:  
 In ready Money, all the Store  
 Pick'd up long since from *Danae's* Show'r;  
 A Snuff-box, set with bleeding Hearts,  
 Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond Darts;  
 His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle Wood;  
 (The Tree in *Ida's* Forest stood)  
 His Bowl pure Gold, the very same  
 Which *Paris* gave the *Cyprian* Dame;  
 Two Table-books in shagreen Covers;  
 Fill'd with good Verse from real Lovers;  
 Merchandize rare! A Billet-doux,  
 Its Matter passionate, yet true:  
 Heaps of Hair Rings, and cypher'd Seals;  
 Rich Trifles, serious Bagatelles.

What sad Disorders Play begets!  
 Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets  
 Those Darts, whose Points make Gods adore  
 His Might, and deprecate his Pow'r:  
 Those Darts, whence all our Joy and Pain  
 Arise: those Darts——come, Seven's the Main,  
 Cries *Ganymede*: The usual Trick:  
 Seven, slur a Six; Eleven: A Nick.

Ill news goes fast: 'Twas quickly known,  
 That simple *Cupid* was undone.

Swifter

Swifter than Lightning *Venus* flew :  
 Too late she found the thing too true.  
 Guess how the Goddess greets her Son :  
 Come hither, Sirrah ; no, begone ;  
 And, hark ye, is it so indeed ?  
 A Comrade you for *Ganymede* ?  
 An Imp as wicked, for his Age,  
 As any earthly Lady's Page ;  
 A Scandal and a Scourge to *Troy* :  
 A Prince's Son ? A black-guard Boy :  
 A Sharper, that with Box and Dice  
 Draws in young Deities to Vice.  
 All Heav'n is by the Ears together,  
 Since first that little Rogue came hither :  
*Juno* herself has had no Peace :  
 And truly I've been favour'd less :  
 For *Jove*, as *Fame* reports (but *Fame*  
 Says things not fit for me to name)  
 Has acted ill for such a God,  
 And taken Ways extreemly odd.  
 And thou, unhappy Child, she said  
 (Her Anger by her Grief allay'd)  
 Unhappy Child, who thus hast lost  
 All the Estate we e'er could boast ;  
 Whither, O whither wilt thou run,  
 Thy Name despis'd, thy Weakness known ?  
 Nor shall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd ;  
 Nor shall thy Pow'r in Heav'n be own'd ;  
 When thou, nor Man, nor God canst wound.  
 Obedient *Cupid* kneeling cry'd,  
 Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide :  
*Gany's* a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble :  
 Yet why this great Excess of Trouble ?  
 The Dice were false : the Darts are gone :  
 Yet how are you, or I undone ?  
 The Loss of these I can supply  
 With keener Shafts from *Cloe's* Eye :  
 Fear not, we e'er can be disgrac'd,  
 While that bright Magazine shall last :

Your



Your crowded Altars still shall smoke,  
 And Man your friendly Aid invoke;  
 Jove shall again revere your Pow'r,  
 And rise a Swan, or fall a Show'r.

*A Winter's Journey to Preach.*

**T**HE Clock struck Eight, the Morning clear'd,  
 The Coffee drank, the Coach appear'd;  
 To *Reedbam* bound, a dirty Road,  
 A Stomach sick, with hyppish Load,  
 A jumbling Coach, the Horses bad,  
 And every thing to make me sad,  
 Had not a chearful Friend or two  
 Engag'd the Journey to pursue.  
 At length, arriv'd at *Reedbam-Green*,  
 No Church-bell-heard, no Mortal seen;  
 A Church-yard bleak, near wat'ry Swamp,  
 A dirty Church, a Surplice damp,  
 A Reading Desk extremely cold,  
 A Pulpit dusty, weak, and old,  
 A Prayer-book in old-print Letter,  
 A Bible rather worse than better;  
 A Congregation, great and small,  
 Made up but few poor Souls in all;  
 Three ancient Dames, with wither'd Faces,  
 Sat fast asleep in lower Places;  
 Two grey-head Dons, with Gloves on Pate,  
 Sat just above, in nodding State;  
 One Maiden fair, with yellow Knot,  
 The only Primrose of the Spot.  
 The rest were chiefly Farmers Men,  
 Who star'd and listen'd now and then.  
 A Bearded Clerk that sings or says,  
 But poorly vers'd in Musick's Lays,  
 A Psalm up-rear'd in jingling Notes,

Contriv'd

Contriv'd for *Sol-fa* growling Throats;  
 In broken Tunes, now in, now out,  
 'Twas all confus'd, like Rebels Rout.  
 Then came the Sermon, long and dull,  
 Adapted right to Clodpate's Skull.  
 Some gap'd, some slept, one sober Lad  
 Beneath his Arm a Bible had:

This learned Youth had Wit enough  
 To search the Doctor's Scripture-proof:  
 He sat demure, with awkward Face,  
 And doubled down the quoted Place.

The Service done, no Dinner near,  
 A Mile, at least, to Cup and Chear;  
 Churchwarden *Hog*, not seen at Church,  
 Left hungry Parson in the Lurch.  
 Sir *Crape* look'd blue, the rest look'd pale,  
 For want of something to regale.  
 A further Drive, from marshy Down,  
 To reach the *Savan* at *Norton* Town.  
 There (glorious Sight!) with great good Luck,  
 Before the Stomach-hour had struck,  
 A Loin of Veal, in lordly Dish,  
 And Eggs and Bacon, Traveller's Wish,  
 Allay'd the Grumblers of the Day,  
 And rais'd our Spirits up so gay,  
 We there sat down content and snug,  
 With Wine, and Ale, and Cyder Mug.  
 Nature refresh'd in chearful Way,  
 We drank, and pledg'd, and call'd to pay.  
 The Coachman wheel'd the *Had/coe* round,  
 And brought us Home all safe and sound.

*Reedham*, farewell! thou starving Soil,  
 Not worth a Preacher's Charge or Toil,  
 Thy Gift but Shillings ten,—fifteen I spent;  
 Was ever Priest on such an Errand sent?  
 Thro' Dirt and Wet, thro' Cold and Hunger keen,  
 To teach sad Boors on *Ignoramus Green*.